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'I AM CURIOUS — BLUE'

Night Thoughts of a Police Chief

Joseph Paul Kimble

'Craven Retreat'
The View From Maddox Country
Reese Cleghorn

Ecology at Sacramento
A Wink at the Environment
Robert A. Jones

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER: CORRIDORS OF POWER **Allen Weinstein**

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LETTERS

why the students burned

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs: "Revolt in Santa Barbara: Why They Burned the Bank" by Richard Flacks and Milton Mankoff [*The Nation*, Mar. 23] omits some things. . .about the Allen episode that, by their own account, exemplified student woes, and fired student discontent, thus setting the stage for violence....

According to Flacks and Mankoff, Allen is a popular teacher who has been victimized by a hidebound professoriat, to the despair of a frustrated student body.... "Most students agreed that they ought to have some direct voice in the educational process." To quote further from their article: "The faculty senate met for more than five hours on February 3, and...passed resolutions rejecting the substance of student demands and affirming faculty control."

The meeting referred to did in fact open avenues to student participation in university governance. In my own department, which is the largest on campus, students now sit with voting power in review committees and in all departmental meetings, including those having to do with hiring, firing and promotion. If this is nothing, as Flacks and Mankoff opine, then what is something? If something is having "some capacity to make the faculty accountable in these matters, then they can hardly say, "that the inability of this broadly popular, good-natured and peaceful campus protest to achieve anything but a repressive, unyielding response from the administration and faculty undermined the legitimacy of university authority in the eyes of the students."

Leonard M. Marsak, Professor of History

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The *substantial* demand the students made in the Allen case was for a "public hearing" to determine the validity of Allen's termination by the Anthropology Department. They asked for equal student representation on a special review committee to hear the Allen case. These demands were rejected by the majority of the assembled senate, which instead, at a meeting broadcast over the campus radio station, endorsed a proposal that a committee be formed to study the issue of student participation in university governance. The student demands, supported by more than 7,000 petitioners and presented by the Associated Students leadership, were declared to be illegal under university statutes. The merits of the student proposals were never seriously debated. Professor Marsak is surely aware of the frustration with which many students responded to this meeting....

Richard Flacks
Milton Mankoff

examination

New York City

Dear Sirs: J. Kirk Sale's "Ted Gold: Education for Violence" [*The Nation*, Apr. 13 purports to have a conclusion, but what is it? "...the life and death of Ted Gold should suggest self-examination for all of us." Well! And suppose we examined ourselves, quite thoroughly, and for a prolonged period ot time? History will not in the meanwhile have waited. The situation which drove Ted Gold to despair will only have gone from very bad to worse. I would not be taken as sympathizing with Gold's conclusion.

If friends of mine go right out of their minds I don't sympathize with their insanity or its consequences. But what am I to say if other friends of the family are saying, "tsk, tsk, tsk," and asking me to examine myself? Ted Gold's word would have been *bullshit*, and it fits. Hoarding dynamite in Greenwich Village is crazy. Using napalm in Vietnam is crazy. The latter happens on a larger scale, as the hoarders and users of Greenwich Village dynamite never fail to inform us. So they try to even things up. There will be more dynamite in Greenwich Village soon.... So I should examine myself? On the contrary, I think anyone who spends the time—this time, *our* time—examining himself deserves—well, to have his head examined.

Eric Bentley

EDITORIALS

Infrastructure of Repression

The right wing in this country, following its long - established inclinations and now supplied with plausible pretexts by bombings and preparations for bombing, is fomenting schemes for large - scale repression. Most or all of these semi - paranoid plans gravitate toward the President or members of his staff, not only because they require Administration approval to be put into practice but because on the record Mr. Nixon is not the type of Chief Executive who will dismiss intensified repression out of hand. As an old - time Red - hunter he is, in fact, inclined by temperament in that direction himself, and counterrevolutionists may be justified in hoping for an era in which the Bill of Rights will become a scrap of paper.

A few items may be inspected out of a mass of material pointing to this conclusion. The Washington Bureau of *The Oregonian* (Portland, April 5) dug up a story, "Radicals Spur Study of Dropping '72 President Vote," which states that the White House has ordered several hush-hush security studies, one of which, apparently to be carried on by the RAND Corporation, the most noted of U.S. "think" factories, will evaluate the possibility that "radical elements" may succeed in disrupting national elections. Using force, unspecified except for mention of bomb threats, these "rebellious factions" may make it "unsafe" to conduct a national election as early as 1972. The idea seems farfetched, the story goes on, but after last month's rash of bombings, "someone in the White House apparently sees a danger of the tactic being used against the democratic system and thinks Nixon should be prepared."

Another exhibit comes from the *Los Angeles Times* of March 18. The federal government is dispensing funds to the states under the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1969. California's share is estimated at $18.8 million, to which the state and localities will be expected to add another 25 per cent. One of the measures contemplated is a super - duper intelligence system which is described by Dr. William W. Herrmann, chairman of the task force on riots and disorders of the California Council of Criminal Justice. Dr. Herrmann is a "senior operations scientist and counterinsurgency specialist" of another noted think tank, Systems Development Corporation of Santa Monica, Calif. He envisions "a coordinated intelligence system" designed to "separate out the avowed, dedicated activists bent on destroying the system" from "the vast bulk of people in the middle," presumably Mr. Nixon's "silent majority." If there are just grievances, the intelligence system will also ferret these out and devise programs "to win the minds and the hearts of the people." Having proved so successful in South Vietnam, the specialists in counterinsurgency are now planning to apply their techniques in the homeland.

In the White House itself a highly placed Nixon aide, Clark Mollenhoff, is inspecting individual income tax returns to get something on miscreants of past Democratic administrations. It is a safe assumption that plenty of crooks existed while the Democrats were in power

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(besides those who were caught); the assumption is equally safe as regards the Republicans. But by what right does a politician like Mollenhoff have access to income tax returns? Tom Wicker (*The New York Times*, April 14) points out that the oldest truism in the whole field of human liberty is that once this sort of thing gets started there is no telling where it can be stopped. He quotes a *New York Times* story which states that the Administration, dismissing what one aide calls "hangups about snooping," was planning enlarged use of wire tapping, undercover agents, etc., the previous exploits of the FBI in these fields being regarded as inadequate.

One reason for this is that earlier "internal security" systems were directed almost entirely against the Communist Party, which, being organized as a political party, was easily infiltrated, so much so that government agents were said to have been contributing a fair portion of its funds by paying their dues as "card - carrying" members. "Weathermen" and similar activists are harder to keep under surveillance. Another fault of old-line intelligence activity was that it was directed primarily against adults, but Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, a former personal physician to Mr. Nixon who is not practicing psychiatry, has a plan to catch subversives and other criminals shortly after they emerge from the cradle. He would give psychological tests to all 6, 7, and 8 year olds to identify those who have "violent and homicidal tendencies" and send the severely disturbed (his criteria) to special camps. Dr. Hutschnecker is not certified as a medical specialist in psychiatry, and Dr. Walter Barton, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, says that to the best of the Association officers' knowledge his proposal has no support whatsoever within the profession. That's fine, but neither did the Nazis have any support among pre - Hitler psychiatrists.

Crude Plot: Crude Plotters

Several aspects of the wretched plot to launch impeachment proceedings against Justice William O. Douglas should be kept in mind. The chances of impeachment are almost nil; it is the cheap partisan politics behind the move that should be emphasized. Rep. Gerald R. Ford, right hand uplifted, assures us that the move is a wholly nonpartisan effort; he will neither sponsor nor co-sponsor the resolution to investigate "the many charges and allegations." Sponsors will be drawn from both parties. But this disclaimer will deceive no one; the move has partisan politics – Nixon - Mitchell - Agnew politics – written all over it. Last November, Mr. Ford said that if Judge Haynsworth was not confirmed, Justice Douglas should be impeached. This statement, which sounds like political blackmail, was discussed at the time with Clark R. Mollenhoff, special counsel to the President. And in a recent television interview Vice President Agnew tied the rejection of Haynsworth and Carswell to the move to impeach Douglas.

The plot is aimed not at impeaching Justice Douglas but at making life so miserable for him that "to protect the Court" he will feel that he must resign. Now that the

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President has named Judge Harry A. Blackmun to the Court, he needs another appointment in order to redress the "balance," since Judge Blackmun is fairly liberal on civil rights. But the plotters also have something else in mind. To Representatives Ford, Waggoner, Wyman and the others, only the House and the Presidency are thoroughly representative – that is, of Middle America. (Martha Mitchell, wife of the Attorney General, who has expressed a pent-up desire to see Senator Fulbright "crucified," feels that the Senator is not at all "representative" of Arkansas although he keeps winning re-election there, and she has not revisited the state for some years.) In the view of the plotters the Senate is currently under the dominance of a minority "conspiracy" made up of blacks, Jews and other minorities; labor, liberals, intellectuals, students and young voters, consumer - oriented and ecology - minded elements, which must be exposed and destroyed.

Justice Douglas makes a good symbol on which to focus the attack. If an investigation is approved, he will probably decline an invitation to appear before the committee. Since he cannot be attacked on the amount of work he performs (he has always been one of the hard - working members of the Court) or on its quality, the investigation will concentrate on his personal behavior, his writings, his wives, his speeches, his friendships and associations, and his beliefs. Agnew has suggested, for example, that Douglas' views should be examined to determine if they are "compatible with the position he holds." An effort will also be made to establish certain conflicts of interest of the type that embarrassed Judge Haynsworth. The argument will then be advanced that, since "new standards" are being established, they should be applied impartially to nominees and incumbents. As a group, the plotters are bewitched by the notion that the conspiracy that dominates the Senate must be exposed, the better to knock off certain liberal Senators in November. So the real – certainly the immediate – purpose of the plot is not to impeach Douglas but to tip the balance on the Court and in the Senate to the right. It is another manifestation of the gutter politics which the Nixon Administration condones and encourages.

The Invisible Dead

Our men are still being killed in Vietnam, but Nixon - Laird's gimmick of "Vietnamizing" the war has diverted attention from them. That maneuver should receive high esteem from public opinion manipulators. One would hardly believe that as many Americans were killed in battle in Vietnam in 1969, the first year of Vietnamization, as in 1967, when LBJ's war policy was under attack. Yet it is a fact. The 1967 toll stood at 9,378; 1969 produced 9,414 dead. But as compared with that earlier year, battlefield casualties have practically disappeared from the front pages.

Two junior Republican Congressmen propose to do something about it. They are Rep. Paul N. McCloskey of California and Rep. Donald W. Riegle, Jr., of Michigan. When the Defense Appropriation Bill comes to the House within the next month or two, they propose to offer an amendment to limit Vietnamese spending to money necessary for a withdrawal of all American troops by June 30, 1971.

The cry that such a measure will be "letting our boys down" is sure to be raised. This accusation is a hoary fraud. Funds already appropriated will keep the flow of arms going for a long time – the Pentagon sees to that. But the proposal is an effective means of warning the President that some people, at least, see through his procrastination. A cessation of appropriations is his most vulnerable spot.

To the same end, Rep. Paul Findley wants to curtail the President's currently almost unlimited war - making powers, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has voted to repeal the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, which was obtained by Johnson administration fraud and Congressional apathy – only Senators Morse and Gruening voted against it. In a way, these are the federal counterparts of the action taken by the Massachusetts legislature (see editorial comment April 6).

If logic and good faith prevailed, the President, "strict constructionist" by his own avowal, would be glad thus to uphold the plain language of the Constitution. But it is a safe bet that his interpretation is strict only when that suits his political purpose, and that he will continue the useless killing until Congress and the people force his hand.

The 'Angry Old Man'

George Wald won a Nobel Prize and got the usual write-ups, after which he got the usual lack of attention from his fellow countrymen. He made a single speech, appealing to the young and denouncing the Vietnamese War, and overnight he became famous. It was that fiery a speech, and that sensible.

Professor Wald made another speech on April 2, this one before an enthusiastic Vietnam moratorium audience in Stanford Memorial Church. He was introduced by Linus Pauling, who is the only two-time Nobel Laureate and is well known to the public, having made himself so objectionable to the military - industrial establishment that the media found him newsworthy. Describing himself as "an angry old man," Wald told both the young and the old several things they need to know.

He ridiculed the idea that in its Southeast Asia savagery the United States is motivated by "imperialism." The gross national product of South Vietnam is $2.5 billion – "peanuts," in Wald's one-word description. All the Southeast Asian nations put together have a gross national product of $11.3 billion. Imperialists are not so stupid as to spend $30 billion a year on such a poor prospect. The real impulsion behind such crusades is "Pentagonism," which takes in the military - industrial complex and all its beneficiaries, including a large part of the engineering profession and organized labor. First you steam up the people about ideological enemies, who embody all the evil in the world and who threaten the United States, which embodies almost all the virtue. Thus you prevail upon their duly elected representatives to appropriate funds for military and munitions hard-

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ware on a Brobdingnagian scale, and rapidly use it up in any area allegedly threatened by communism – which, once established there, will sweep over the "free world." Wald pointed out that the ABM contract alone starts off at $12 billion. You don't even need to go abroad to dump the stuff; he cited mothballed ships, B-58 bombers, the F-111 program, etc. Of course, if an aerospace company is inefficient and greedy enough it can get into trouble on a commensurate scale, but it can be fairly sure that it will not be allowed to go down the drain, since the Pentagon needs it as much as it needs the Pentagon.

Wald ridiculed President Nixon's "plan" to get us out of the Vietnamese War. The plan is not to stop the war or to get us out, but to professionalize and institutionalize the war by pulling out the draftees, who are mostly in the infantry, and infantry support, and leave Air Force units and some 200,000 men to keep the corrupt governments of South Vietnam, Thailand, Cambodia and Laos in business. Then the war can go on indefinitely and the Pentagon and its suppliers will stay in business likewise. Big business.

Wald urged his listeners not to give up on politics. In many ways our governmental system is obsolescent or worse, but it is not totally crippled from the standpoint of radical reform. There is a good possibility that 11 million young voters will soon be added to the electorate. "We must try to make our government function in the way it was meant to do," he said. "We must show enormous patience and never give up. Just keep marching. Work with issues, not with political parties, and find good men of either party who will work with us."

Long ago Lincoln Steffens, as an outstanding example, gave up on "electing good men to office." But the issues are now so critical, the hazards so terrifying, and the intelligent part of the public so aroused, that politics should be given another chance. It may be the last, but it would be rash to pass it up.

Negotiate the Negotiable

With the SALT talks resuming in Vienna, attention naturally focuses on the assumptions underlying the tactics which representatives of this country will pursue. Henry Kissinger, and the President, reject the "old - fashioned" notion of the 1920s and 1930s that armaments are a cause of conflict; in their view, armaments are a reflection, not a cause, of conflict. It follows that disarmament negotiations should be tied inwith key political issues, such as Vietnam and the Middle East. That notion is likely to prolong negotiations which, in any event, would be difficult and protracted. In the context of today's world it should be clear that, "old - fashioned" as the idea may be, armaments can be and often are a prime cause of conflict. The Administration should, therefore, heed the "Sense of the Senate" as reflected in the Republican - sponsored resolution adopted by a 72-to-6 vote, calling upon the Administration to propose an immediate suspension of further deployment of offensive and defensive strategic weapons.

The United States can afford to take the initiative. The Institute for Strategic Studies in London recently estimated that the United States could have 11,000 nuclear warheads in its strategic force by 1975, nearly triple the present total of about 4,200, and almost six times the current estimate of 1,900 for the Soviets. But the military, of course, insist on going forward with all their assorted and most ambitious plans, ignoring the effect which these on-going plans might have on the negotiations. As Senator Muskie stated in a Senate speech on April 9: "By lumping negotiations on the strategic nuclear balance with tenuously related issues, the President makes SALT agreement much less likely. There are real differences of interests and different issues involved in these separate areas. Should we deny or reject the common interest we have with the Soviets in curtailing the costs and risks of the strategic arms race because our interests conflict in Vietnam or elsewhere? Does the President's phrase an 'era of negotiation' mean a complete across - the-board agreement with the Soviets or no agreement at all? If the 'era of negotiation' is ever to arrive in fact,we must try to negotiate what is negotiable."

An agreement to suspend, for a stated period, further deployment of offensive and defensive strategic weapons could have an interesting political effect. As D.J.R. Bruckner points out in the *Los Angeles Times*, it might turn the present situation around – that is, instead of thinking about the dangers and difficulties of suspending the arms race, people might begin to think about the error and cost of resuming it.

Rehabilitation of Con Edison

The March 1966 issue of *Fortune* carried a scathing article on the Consolidated Edison Company of New York: "Much of its plant is old, its rates are high, its profits are low, its growth meager, its customers furious." To some observers the indictment seemed a bit overstated, but that much was wrong at Con Edison everybody knew – except some of its officers. Nor was this by any means a local matter. If the biggest utility in the country was in such shape, it was a matter for concern on the part of the entire industry, and for city, state and federal governments.

There were capable men in the organization but the basic attitude was wrong. One disinterested utility consultant remarked that he had yet to hear a Con Edison executive say, "Maybe you have a point. By definition, they always think they are right." But it is well known that changes in management often entail bloody conflicts that leave the company in worse shape than before. That mistake, at least, Con Edison did not make. The board of directors went into the public power field for a new top executive. In 1967, Charles F. Luce, then 50, was called to the post. He had been administrator of the Bonneville Power Administration and Under Secretary of the Interior. A general management renovation followed. Now, of eighteen senior officers who were with the company when Luce took charge, only five are still in office. There is a better understanding between the city administration and the news media on the one hand and the company on the other. The company has innumerable problems and many remain unsolved, but its history over the past three years indicates that corporate arteriosclerosis is not an irreversible disease.

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'CRAVEN RETREAT'

THE VIEW FROM MADDOX COUNTRY

REESE CLEGHORN

Mr. Cleghorn edits South Today, *a monthly digest published by the Southern Regional Council. He is the author, with Pat Watters, of* Climbing Jacob's Ladder, *which Harcourt, Brace & World published last month in paperback.*

Atlanta

Some years ago, when I was sitting in a restaurant in Oxford, Miss., a plastic place where William Faulkner usually jerked out the juke box plug before dining, it occurred to me that at least some of the problems of mankind might be solved by a very simple plan. It was during one of the neap tides of integration crisis at the University of Mississippi, and the restaurant was filled with students. The pleasantries and *non sequiturs* of their conversations drifted over the booths; there was an appealing kind of soft inexactitude about it all, whether the subject was dormitory life or a misspent weekend. I had recently returned to the South after a period in New York, during which I had encountered City College students, head-on. What, I remember thinking, would happen if one could bundle up half the students of Ole Miss and deliver them to City College, to be replaced by a like number of City College students? It was, I thought at the time, a plan of such great potential benefit to all that it should be brought to the attention of the highest authorities in the land: perhaps even the chief federal marshal. The soft under-craniums of Oxford obviously needed the abrasiveness and intellectual effrontery, and of course the liberalism, of those Northern cousins; and clearly City College students could profit from any softening influence whatever.

Now I realize that, far ahead of my time, I was thinking about the biggest bussing scheme of them all, something neither Abraham Ribicoff nor George Wallace would tolerate for a moment. Besides, I am no longer at all sure that the plan has merit. Southern liberals have traditionally been "kept in their place" with apparent evidence that their models and superiors, the folks to be emulated and the ones whose respect ought to be earned, were of another breed: the men of the North. I now doubt my Ole Miss-City College plan because I am no longer sure that tough Eastern under-craniums produce anything better than soft Southern under-craniums. Maybe, in the spirit of the times, I am becoming a Southern ethnic.

As I look at school integration seven years later, I am aware that it is more than ever a subject whose appearance varies, depending upon where you sit. To be exact and not altogether frivolous: I sit in an old house on Peachtree Way in Atlanta. We are just around the corner from a handsome little white building of Corinthian grace, which was the national headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan in its glory days; now it is a Catholic rectory. I am a WASP; this is a kind of Catholic ghetto. Atlanta is a Southern city; it has a Jewish Mayor and a black Vice Mayor. Not many blocks from us is a new $5 million, neo-ante-bellum governor's mansion which would have done justice to Kwame Nkrumah in his palmiest days. It is inhabited by a man who, according to official Georgia protocol, is His Excellency—Gov. Lester G. Maddox. In my yard, an albino squirrel is at play; one white squirrel among the gray.

That is where I sit, not in the "rational" confines of a university or a court of law but surrounded by a Southern sea of workaday incredibilities, and they are visible. Most of the nation's people live amid absurdities and incredibilities and irrationalities at least as great, but they are not as visible. And so I am less startled than some people to see Senator Ribicoff and Senator Stennis arm in arm; Governor Maddox and Roy Innis pulling at the oars together; "militants" like Julius Hobson concurring with George Wallace, and Prof. Alexander Bickel of Yale advancing propositions very much like those advanced by the Great Constitutional Lawyers who used to be hired by Southern states to fight for the preservation of white supremacy. (They did not purport to be arguing against equality or against Negroes, but simply for "equal treatment for the South," for consideration of the wishes of the [white] people, for a realistic, nonemotional acceptance of the fact that integration would not work.)

My view is from "Maddox country." Some of the more obstreperous and enduring political segregationists on my particular turf are immensely enjoying the thought that the Nixon Administration, despite recent protestations, is engaged in "craven retreat" (Leon Panetta's accurate words) and "benign neglect" (Daniel P. Moynihan's words) in dealing with racial problems, now that the 1970 Congressional elections draw near. They may enjoy the spectacle even more in 1972, when George Wallace probably will sweep those Deep South Presidential votes which the "Southern strategy" is intended to capture. It does not occur to them that the Nixon Administration is simply trying "to be fair to the South" because it is now pretty well integrated. This does not occur to them because it is absurd and they are realists, if anything. They sit where I sit, in "Maddox country," and they know what is going on in the South. They know and enjoy political scheming of the most craven variety. They know the Administration's descriptions (and most Southern Senators' descriptions) of the civil rights retreat are mere self-serving piffle. They do not believe the explanations fool even Connecticut Senators: the white supremacist spirit of the South is rising again, isn't it, and Senator Ribicoff would like to be elected Vice President or appointed to the Supreme Court, wouldn't he? So their reasoning goes. My Senator, Herman E. Talmadge, has just praised Senator Ribicoff as a courageous man.

That is the view from Maddox country. Our Governor's more savvy admirers are not deceived about what is going on politically and, really, neither is a single Southern liberal that I know, black or white. On home

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ground they, the same old crowd of white supremacists, and we, the same old crowd of hypocritical, bleeding-heart liberals, are familiar with the politics of the absurd (a state palace for Lester Maddox to live in) and the politics of the craven (a federal government trading the welfare of children for Republican Congressional candidates and electoral votes down South). It is not nearly as difficult to believe what the Nixon Administration is doing, when you view it from Maddox country, as it seems to be when seen from more civilized and less traumatized observation points. It is old stuff. Low profile or not, it is routine political venality.

The admirable efforts of Leon Panetta, while he was still with HEW, and others to enforce the civil rights laws (aren't those the real "strict contructionists"?) have been rebuffed. Now a Cabinet-level committee has been established to negotiate with the white supremacists of the South, with Vice President Agnew as chairman and a 1964 "Southern strategy" Goldwaterite, Robert Mardian, as staff director. The Supreme Court is being changed. It is now clear that Senator Ribicoff's move in assisting Senator Stennis' efforts to weaken the pressure for school desegregation in the South has had a falling-domino aftermath. Professor Bickel's now celebrated *New Republic* article urging compromise with Southern white supremacists and black separatists—and that was the true thrust of it, whatever he now says—has established an intellectual fabric—squishy soft in its reasoning and erroneous in its facts about South and North, but respectable in its origins—which will be used for bad ends by many lesser men. From Maddox country it is also clear what a federal policy of "benign neglect" would mean: a repetition of the Compromise of 1877, so that "local control" in the form of the Maddoxes and Wallaces could survive. What we would get, in reality, would be benign neglect of the Constitution, as we had for a century after enactment of the Fourteenth Amendment. President Nixon's recent policy statement on school desegregation stressed that local boards frequently can handle these matters better than the federal government. The statement was, with a few exceptions, a declaration of nonleadership rather than of leadership at the federal level; and there is every evidence that the action will not match the words even on the matter of eliminating the deeply rooted results of almost a century of *de jure* segregation in the South. It was exactly this matter of trying to eliminate *de jure* segregation in the South that brought about the removal of Panetta, the surrender of Finch and the rise of Mardian.

There is even a new respectability for old arguments that Negroes are intellectually inferior: Dr. Arthur Jensen's conclusions on race and IQ might have received little notice five years ago, and none at all if they had come from the University of Mississippi; but they came by way of Berkeley and Harvard, and thus their susceptibility to misuse is greater—as is being demonstrated by the white Citizens Councils (which, incidentally, have recovered from a decade of decline and are growing in strength).

Within the South, these national trends already are damaging the forces for progressive change. Gov. Linwood Holton of Virginia, Gov. Robert Scott of North Carolina, Gov. Robert McNair of South Carolina, Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas, had all strongly urged their publics to accomplish school desegregation in reasonable and orderly fashion; and until the national trend of recent weeks their positions were not fanning the old flames of resistance. Holton and Rockefeller (both Republicans elected with heavy black support, not by the segregationist "Southern strategy") move on as before, but Scott and McNair have had to hedge a bit to protect themselves politically. Perhaps more significantly, Gov. John McKeithen of Louisiana took for a time a more or less moderate position on race; now he is trying to outdo Wallace as an advocate of the neo-segregationist position. Wallace is claiming credit for moving the Administration, and Gov. Albert Brewer is forced once again to be a yes man to Wallace's position, even while running against him for another term. In Georgia, Maddox's style often offends the increasingly middle-class electorate, but his position on school desegregation has been strengthened; opponents no longer can argue that his posturing is ridiculous because the battle is over.

As if to assert that the nation may yet be converted to a Southern point of view—not the growing Southern

"But Now, Maybe if You Black Children Would Just Sit in the Back of the Bus."

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viewpoint that integration is right and fair but the old view that was thought to be dying – Governor McKeithen recently put full-page ads in *The New York Times, Newsweek* and other publications. His pitch cynically lifted the thoughts, and even the words, of some Northern liberals and used them to justify the South's worst inclinations. "Full Partnership," the ad's headline proclaimed, by which it meant that Louisiana wanted full partnership in the Union. Louisiana has attempted to obey the law, the ad said, and now all it asks is that it "be treated the same as any other state in the nation." Governor McKeithen, whose photograph accompanied the copy, even italicized these words: *"We believe in civil rights."* But if the Governor of Louisiana now believes in civil rights, he does not believe in federal efforts to secure them, and he cannot truthfully cite any substantial Louisiana state efforts to secure them in places where they are denied by strong white supremacist elements.

Not long ago one would have supposed, and probably Governor McKeithen would have supposed, that the nation would scorn such sophistry. But it is exactly the kind of sophistry that is emanating now from some of the country's most prominent newspaper columnists, intellectuals and liberal politicians. I suspect that the Governor's ads, paid for by "voluntary donations from thousands of Louisianans and their neighbors" (just which highway contractors and/or which oil companies operating in Louisiana?) have had some impact. The worst part of the South has always benefited from an unwillingness on the part of civilized men to believe that anyone in America could be as politically craven as politicians frequently are in the South on matters of race. Simply to grant that a man like John Stennis is sincere when he says integration should come to the whole country is outrageous. But Stennis is being believed, so why not believe McKeithen, Wallace or Maddox when they say they believe in civil rights? It was a blessing that Maddox went to Washington, carrying ax handles and causing a scene, just as more dignified Southern spokesmen there were beginning to win their case on the Hill. Governor Maddox's mere presence with his ax handles showed people what it was all about.

Craven politics: The newspapers of Jackson, Miss., and Columbia, S.C., which now have unusually good White House contacts, were the first to report the forthcoming dismissal of Leon Panetta as HEW's chief civil rights enforcement officer. When Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* called the Republican chairmen of South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana for comment on Panetta's dismissal, all four laughed. All said they had expected it.

For months the White House staff had been sending memoranda bearing Southern segregationist complaints to the offices of HEW Secretary Robert Finch and Panetta. Now we have confirmation that Paul Jones, who was Georgia's Republican chairman at the time, had even sent a message that if HEW would restore federal school funds for one recalcitrant Georgia school system, he was sure large party contributions from several donors could be obtained in return. The White House sent the message to Finch's office. The message was clear.

In February, a Georgia "freedom-of-choice" group (how ironic that term seems when it describes, as it usually does, those who would not have tolerated freedom of choice in the days of impregnable segregation) visited the White House to speak for its "neighborhood school concept." Harry Dent told them, according to an *Atlanta Constitution* report on February 20, that President Nixon intends to use the Agnew Cabinet-level committee to take command of the Administration's desegregation policies. "And Dent indicated that the President's policies would not make the Georgians unhappy." The group left the White House "reassured," a spokesman said.

So the battle cries of the segregationists are growing stronger, and with good reason. Roy Harris, an old-line Georgia white supremacist and Citizens Councils leader, currently revels in the developments he can report in his weekly political newspaper, the *Augusta Courier.* In a recent issue he noted that Senator Ribicoff had exposed Northern hypocrisy; said white supremacists may win now because of Northern fears of bussing ("a new word on the tongues of nearly everybody"); quoted Vermont Royster of *The Wall Street Journal,* who had written that "the attempt to integrate this country's schools is a tragic failure"; happily reported words from black "militants" Dan Watts and Julius Hobson that seemed to echo his own segregationist viewpoint; and quoted Professor Bickel's article at length. Addressing himself to his segregationist readers, Harris added: "Now, we shouldn't reach the conclusion that the fight is won. The battle isn't over. . . All this means is that we are making some progress and that if we are willing to stand up and fight with sledge hammers instead of powder puffs we are obliged to win. . . . All of us who have been in the thick of the fight from 1954 until now have believed it would take from two to three generations to win this fight. We knew we couldn't win it by ourselves. We have known all along that we had to have the help of the white people outside of the South."

There is no doubt that Harris and others of his viewpoint will verbally "fight with sledge hammers," and some, of course, will physically do it with ax handles, as they did recently in Lamar, S.C. Harris has been consistent. He always did say the fight would take a long time, but that it would be won when real integration began to come outside the South. And it is true that the Southern resistance has frequently outsmarted the federal effort which never truly has been very strong and consistent, precisely because the enforcers always thought the battle was about over, and the resistance always knew it was not.

What is happening now within the South is that Nixon's "Southern strategy" has rekindled all the dying fires. But it is not true, as Harris and Bickel both argue, that integration currently is impossible on a national scale and that, this being the case, it should not be pressed hard in the South. Bickel asked whether it is right to require a small, rural and relatively poor segment of the nation's population (the rural and small-town South, that is) to "submit" to a kind of schooling "that is disagreeable to them (for whatever reasons, more or less unworthy)." This argument revives the "invisible man." A large part of that small,

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rural and relatively poor area is black, does not feel that it is being forced to "submit," and usually has found nothing disagreeable about the fact that at last it has begun to make real progress toward school integration.

Yes, we are told, but the "vanguard" of black opinion in the nation is no longer interested in integration. Is Roy Innis "vanguard" and Julian Bond, who disagrees with Innis' kind of separatist position, not? Someone is putting us on. When Innis came to Atlanta recently, he conferred with Governor Maddox and reported the Governor's response to his separatist views on schools was "very heartening and encouraging." He did not consult with Bond, also a Georgia state official; Bond would not have heartened him. Vanguard?

Innumerable examples of successful school integration can be cited. One thinks of Greenville, S.C., where white students welcomed blacks with banners and decent local leadership made things work; or Jackson, Miss., where the school superintendent could report "extremely smooth" transition in a system 47 per cent black; or scores of others. The fact is that the number of places in the South where integration has been self-defeating, once it has arrived, is relatively small.

But these numerous examples are being ignored. Some are dismissed on grounds that they do not involve a high percentage of blacks or are in places where resistance was not strong. Aberdeen, Miss., is a small town with a high school that has been 50 per cent black since last September. There were no incidents when Aberdeen closed an all-black high school and fully integrated grades 10, 11 and 12. Very few whites departed. Despite the big educational lag of black high school students who had never been to a good school, education has proceeded at Aberdeen High School. Team teaching, individual instruction and a number of other devices have been used by a school administration determined to make integration work.

The brightest white students have not been penalized; they have benefited from the increase in individual attention, and apparently they are generally making faster progress than were their counterparts a year ago. The achievement levels of the black students, meanwhile, have been rising. (Remember the Coleman Report?) There have been no unusual disciplinary problems. A black student was elected president of the student body, with a majority, without a run-off against two white students. The athletic teams are fully integrated, and the school has taken pains to see that blacks and whites have shared alike in such hallowed endeavors as the selection of cheer leaders and homecoming queens and maids of honor. A lively student newspaper, far from being mousy about the biggest subject in the local high school, has done a complete job of reporting on the changes and on student and adult opinions about it all.

What is the real message of Aberdeen? It is not that the majority of the town's white people wanted school integration or that it was successfully achieved through some extraordinary assistance in funds and other aid from outside. The real message is that school administrators and officials, confronted finally with integration, and knowing they must make it work or have no public school system, have used all their considerable skills to make it effective.

What happens now to such conscientious people? Enemies of the change may scold them for moving along, questioning whether even in the face of a court order they had to make things go well. If they had stalled, or encouraged the private school, or discriminated within the building, or made life unpleasant for the new arrivals, maybe now the fight against integration could be won. Maybe Aberdeen could have gotten by with token integration. That is the local spin-off from the "Southern strategy."

Except for the spectacle of seeing one of the two national political parties openly playing race politics as Southern demagogues have played it (not the "nigger-nigger" and States'-rights Southern demagogues but their successors, who speak of belief in civil rights and disbelief in guidelines, or racial balance or federal force), the most disturbing aspect of the new national trend is the blithe adoption of Southern segregationist terminology and terms of discussion. Now we hear nationally, not just in "Maddox country," that *the goal* should be "quality education." That should always be the goal of education, of course; but now the term is used to oppose integration, as Southern demagogues have always used it. Now we also hear that it is "time to end the civil war," as Geoffrey and Roscoe Drummond wrote in a recent newspaper column. By this is meant that the federal government should stop leaning hard on the South (if it ever did); and this in turn means it should stop leaning hard on white supremacists in the South. We now hear frequent references to school integration as "racial balance," a term which usually is altogether misleading because it describes a goal and a result hardly ever involved in plans abolishing the dual school systems of the South. And finally, bussing is now at the center of debate, although school integration in the South has steadily reduced bussing. What has happened to the terms of the national discussion? They, too, have been captured by Southern neo-segregationists.

There is another dimension in this shifting of the terms of debate. It has to do with emphasis on "lowering our voices," to use President Nixon's term, at the moment when voices should be raised. People who raise their voices loudly against the politicizing of the school desegregation process – people who, like Panetta, rightly call it "craven retreat" – are now dismissed, even in some liberal quarters, as intemperate zealots. We are urged not to attribute the worst motives to the Nixon Administration, the nation's racial situation being so delicate. On the contrary, voices should be raised, loudly, *because* the racial situation is delicate and because this playing politics with children further widens the racial gap. It is no service to the country to counsel a quiet rationality that does not permit calling political opportunism exactly that and which is too refined to entertain the thought that Richard Nixon and Lester Maddox can operate with the same motivations.

All of these developments (the developments in the media and academic worlds may do more than the "Southern strategy" to reverse the nation's progress) suggest that the South is once again being cut adrift. And of course the white supremacist element – which is hardly ever called that now, although the country is

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quick to name black power when it appears – wants the South adrift. Then we can have "local control," "self-determination" and "neighborhood schools." Do Southern liberals have a right to expect those at the end of their life lines, those in places of power in Washington and New York and other cities ouside the South, to continue to hold on? I don't think white Southern liberals have any such right; with relatively few exceptions they have not been the real heroes or the real sufferers in the struggle. But black Southerners can claim that right. The nation still has not made good on the promissory note they hold. People in power, whether it be governmental, intellectual or communications power, ought to be garnisheed to make good. Those in places of influence who do not think so ought to be moved out of the way.

And I think they will be. In Maddox country it is clear that the struggle, as Roy Harris says, is not over. He is calling in his reinforcements. So should we. Behind those who are tired and discouraged and prone to tacitly accept the racist underpinnings of arguments made by John Stennis and Roy Innis, there are younger replacements, many of whom have been tempered in the Southern civil rights movement. They know that reconstruction sometimes must precede reconciliation, and that as long as John Stennis represents a million Mississippi blacks our concern must be mainly for them, not for him.

There seems to be good evidence that the current activism of college students, generally described as student radicalism, is progressing not mainly toward a major force of organized radicalism in America but toward a tough new reformism with *perspectives* that are, in the present milieu, radical. The student radicalism already has yielded perspectives of truth, but not yet a functional politics. On the other hand, liberalism is ineffectual today exactly to the extent that it lacks those radical perspectives. We have learned that, without them, liberals are capable of producing Vietnams and Chicagos, and the kind of reasoning process that now has shifted the terms of debate on the schools. Liberals who lack a radical perspective – a perspective slicing through the nation's erroneous pretensions about itself, its institutions and the world, and comprehending that civics books are usually filled with facts that add up to lies about how government works – are incapable of dealing effectively with the main processes of public life in America. Let them be replaced by an influx of the new liberals (the label "liberal" perhaps will not be used): people who are not radically destructive but creative. If that happens the earlier liberalism, which for a time became our national orthodoxy, will not be followed by a middle American copout or a drug-culture dropout but by a liberalism that has been made functional again.

Mr. Nixon's "silent majority" did, after all, give him less than half the votes in the 1968 Presidential election, and this after eight years of Democratic rule and in the midst of one of the most unpopular wars in American history. What is there to prove that the nation, though it may have been ready for a pause, will long accept a retreat that is patent political opportunism? I may be wrong, viewing the scene through all the strange prisms of Maddox country, but even in the disarray of liberalism Spiro Agnew does not look like the wave of the future. ■

'I AM CURIOUS – BLUE'

Night Thoughts of a Police Chief

JOSEPH PAUL KIMBLE

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If one were asked to characterize this past decade, it might be fair to say that it has been a period of thrashing about. A search for stability, a longing for the "normalcy" of the pre-nuclear years, has rendered a substantial part of our population uncomfortable, unsure and extremely anxious. As a result, the arc of our social spectrum grows wider and wider. And, like a tired metronome, opinion becomes increasingly disposed to stick at one or the other extreme.

In many ways it is a relief to identify the sources of one's discontent by a simplistic "Them vs. Us" identification. As we gulp our social and political tranquilizers, as we readjust our conscience, the world momentarily resumes the sound and shape and shadows of the distant past.

We come to depend upon these periods of euphoria as an escape from the hurting present. We come to rely upon the prescriptions of the vocal extremes. After a while we cease to question the efficacy of what we ingest. It becomes easier to let others think for us; it becomes more comfortable to let others act for us. The only volition we cling to is the right to reject – to reject, or even hate, anyone or anything that might threaten our great and sovereign state of Rationalization. It is understandable, then, that certain segments of the population, when they find that the reasonableness of *their* great crusade is doubted, threatened, or even attacked, react with indignation. The greatest blow of all, of course, is to find a comfortable perch on the radical Right, or the radical Left, jeopardized by those subversive young people of the radical middle! The foregoing characterization is not intended to be facetious – the fact is that the anguished protestation of modern youth is largely directed against the ideology of extremism in *either* sector. It is also directed against the silent, ambivalent middle, that by default perpetuates the extremes.

At the risk of generalizing, I would say that the majority of American youth are protesting the addiction to

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uncompromising viewpoints. They are protesting an unhealthy obsession with the past, with self-indulgence and self-hypnosis. They are protesting inertia, indifference, and the compromise of integrity for the sake of expediency. It is unfortunate that their protests generate overreaction in some quarters, even when they are *not* accompanied by violence or unreasonable conduct. Many young people are protesting those forces and conditions that *generate* radical reaction. Unhappily, it has become so unfashionable in today's society to question the *status quo*, that the motives of those who protest become automatically suspect.

What is it that perceptive young Americans are so intent on bringing to our attention? What are some of the urgent messages being semaphored from the urban and academic wilderness? My experience with young people indicates that their concerns touch many areas, but I shall focus for the present on my own field of law enforcement.

Young people tend to view traditional law enforcement in a nontraditional way. Ignoring the precepts of past generations, they too often view police as a threat, rather than as a constructive force. Their position is that police, as a group, are too conservative, too resistant to change. Impressed more by what they see than by what they're told, the young are frank to state that some police agencies are ineffective and inconsistent. They keep hearing loud pronouncements regarding modern investigatory methods, crime laboratories, computers, space-age gimmickry, training and correctional and rehabilitation programs. In spite of such boasts, they observe that crime is increasing, clearance rates for major crimes are still below 30 per cent, some cops still "hassle" people on the street, and very few serious offenders are rehabilitated to any meaningful degree. They hear the police side of drugs and other issues, but they have access to bodies of knowledge that provide different and sometimes better answers.

Others question the honesty of a few police agencies across the country—not necessarily that they are corrupt but that their response to certain community problems is biased. For example, do officers in some areas show particular deference to certain segments of the community? Have they one code for the majority and another for ethnic minorities? Do their hiring policies and requirements tend to exclude minority groups? Are observed acts inconsistent with official policies? Do too many agencies stress training, rather than education, for their officers? Are too many agencies operated on the military general staff concept, as opposed to a department that is open—responsive to and held accountable by the community? These are just a few of the misgivings expressed by young people about justice and the police.

In spite of the sometimes brash and self-righteous tone of their inquiry, young people, more than any other group, understand the need for a redefinition of the police role, and the need for a new kind of policeman.

It is painfully obvious that we are no longer a tranquil, rural society. It follows that 18th-century police practices (or 18th-century governmental practices) are irrelevant. For example, we are experiencing the mass

movement of people on an unprecedented scale. One million blacks moved out of the South in ten years. Some 400,000 young people converged on the Catskills in one week to attend a "rock festival." Nearly 40 million citizens—more than 12 million households—move every year in the United States! These are staggering figures when one remembers that before 1900 most people never left the area in which they were born. Now, only one person in five still lives within 50 miles of where he was born.

The movement is mostly to the cities, and this has resulted in an influx of people who are ill-equipped to cope with the frustrating, abrasive urban life. Their children, in turn, are even less willing to tolerate the stress, regulation and loss of dignity that is inherent in being hopelessly bogged in metropolitan poverty. It is understandable, then, that traditional police approaches and reactions to the new problems of the central city and its suburbs fall short of the mark. It is reasonable to say—and it is often said—that the police *shouldn't* be expected to deal with these broader community problems; but in fact they are forced to do so because the community as a whole chooses to pretend that the problems don't even exist.

It is no secret to policemen that ghettos, whether they trap white or black, are the urban cancer. The police recognize that this disease is perilously close to the terminal stage in many of our cities. Yet the police have been asked to practice medicine without a license—a license the community has failed to issue in terms of support and involvement. Too many people, young and old, look to the police to cure problems created by years of rejection and indifference. Concerned police officers *are* attempting to reach solutions, but it has become evi-

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dent that there is a need not only for more policemen but for more effective policemen.

Young people acknowledge this need in their statements of what they expect from the police. These expectations include the enforcement of law in a legal, ethical and humane fashion, by officers with a broadened social outlook and an awareness of the changing world around them. They envision qualified and positive leadership, directing an organization composed of individuals who care about other people, individuals who are emotionally, intellectually and morally competent to deal effectively with the complex problems of this society. Young people want law enforcement that is contemporary and constitutional. They are asking for what the President's Crime Commission recommended in 1967—a rational restructuring of law enforcement.

Although the police are the subject of a great deal of attention by young people, the rest of the community is not exempted from their scrutiny. One of their loudest blasts is directed against the categorization of people and institutions. Too many Americans have succumbed to the dangerous practice of stereotyping. In rebuttal, young people reply that:

¶ Not all people of "hippie appearance" are degenerates, thieves, addicts, or even hippies! (particularly in California).

¶ Not all policemen are racist, Fascist, honky, pig cops; not all policemen are biologically, physiologically and intellectually inferior; not all policemen want to marry your daughters.

¶ Not all governmental institutions are insensitive, inappropriate or nonresponsive; not all critics of government are effete snobs.

¶ Not all wars are good simply because we happen to be involved in them.

¶ Not all young people who are trying to change the Establishment are intent on destroying it.

¶ Law and order, without reason and justice, denies the best of our system.

¶ There is no generation gap; there is a communication and an image reality gap.

¶ People over 30 can be trusted; it's sad, however, that people over 30 attach so little importance to that trust.

Even the church is examined in a critical light. The young observe that too many of them are stained-glass filling stations, where people occasionally stop to fill their spiritual tanks and inflate their egos. The clergy seems oblivious of the problems of civil rights and social justice in the world outside their holy precincts.

My concluding observation concerns the expectations young people hold f'the American public. Their greatest hope, I'm told, is that America will at last acknowledge its basic problems, as a first step to finding solutions for its dilemmas. Many young people would like the country as a whole to say: "As a result of a number of circumstances and events, we are, at this point in time, a racist society, a violent society, a criminal society." (It is a terribly difficult statement to make.)

The young contend, first of all, that this country is basically racist, and document their charge with a series of reports and observations, most of which are embodied in the Kerner Report. The Kerner Report, young people are quick to point out, came as a shock to the white, middle-class public. It came as a shock to black people, they say, only because so much money was spent to reach a conclusion that was self-evident.

Young people point out that we are, in too many ways, a violent country. We have never viewed violence as a monopoly of the state, but see it in general as the logical solution when all other solutions fail. During the last decade we have experienced an almost uninterrupted level of domestic violence, and have now apparently reached the point where we are willing to tolerate it, if not excuse it, as an unavoidable side effect of a stress society. Eons ago man crept from his cave as he overcame his fear of his environment. Now, it appears, the violence of our world is forcing him back inside. If you think this a metaphor, I suggest you visit the nearest "total security" apartment complex, "total security" retirement community, or "total security" vacation spa.

It would be fair to characterize ours as a criminal society. We condemn it, we lament it, but as with the weather, we do little more than talk about it. Our legislators use it as emotional fuel for their election drives. They're either waving their hands or sitting on them; nothing substantial happens. It is also safe to suggest that politicians don't really appreciate the relationship of education, housing, jobs, health and poverty to crime. The Safe Streets and Crime Bill offered the greatest hope of the 20th century in unifying efforts against crime. Its partisan emasculation, however, left it measurably less effective than it was destined to be. It is to the discredit of the Congress, past and present, that its members insist on "legislation without appropriation." If one wants evidence of Congressional apathy, one can look at the situation in the District of Columbia, which is the only city where the federal government has direct responsibility for combating crime. While rates for serious crime in the nation have increased 11 per cent, in the District of Columbia they have jumped 29 per cent. On the day the present Congress adjourned, Washington, D.C., had eighty robberies in twenty-four hours.

In this respect, as in most respects, Congress mirrors the American public. Last year it spent $12 billion on alcohol, $8 billion on tobacco, and less than $4 billion on the total administration of justice! Perhaps Pogo was right when he said, "We have met the enemy—and he is us!"

Reasonable people will probably agree that we have explored our world, and we have exploited our world, but we have yet to make it safe. In an urgent search for security we may overlook the important messages given us by concerned young adults. I would earnestly suggest that we don't tune out the truths to which they have addressed themselves. In our lifetime there have been rivers of blood and years of darkness. There has been a tendency to let democracy slowly slip away. It always comes as a bitter surprise that once any part of our liberty is lost, the task of regaining it is agonizingly difficult. We can get it all back—we can make democracy work as it was intended to work if we end the fragmentation and polarization that is destroying us. As Dr. King once said, "We must learn to live together as brothers, or we die together as fools."

We can do it, but will we? I am curious—blue. ■

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A WINK AT THE ENVIRONMENT

ROBERT A. JONES
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San Francisco

In the rotunda of the state capitol in California, a large red sign asks: "Seen Any Wildlife Lately?" In case no one has, the exhibitors have stuck pictures of a bobcat and a robin to the bottom of the sign, and the whole thing, suspended on a string, revolves slowly in the circulating air. The tour guides give it an extra twirl and explain that it symbolizes the legislature's concern for the California environment. But one guide has a punch line. He quickly pulls down a frayed corner of the bobcat picture, giving the effect that the cat is winking. It always gets a big laugh.

If the tokenism of the past is used as a standard, the California state legislature has done well by the environment. Considered the liberal leader in conservation among state legislatures, it won its reputation by setting auto emission standards that were somewhat tougher than those of the federal government.

That isn't much on which to base a reputation, but in the past it didn't take much, and this year the legislature claims it will do better. In the last three months the rush to pass environmental bills has been wondrous to behold. With the session hardly begun, more than 250 proposals have been dropped in the box. Some are standard bills, such as prohibitions on open burning; others reflect the new style of thinking that spreads east from San Francisco: prohibition on the sale of the skin of any species endangered anywhere in the world; a massive conservation education act that is compared to the National Defense Fund of 1958. A few of the bills seem to have been designed by small-time politicians hoping to ride the bandwagon to better days. One would require auto manufacturers to destroy one automobile not equipped with a pollution control device for every four new cars it sells; another offers $25 million to anyone inventing a car that produces no air pollutants and maintains present car performance.

There is, of course, a reason for all this. The past decade has been hard on California politicians, as it has been hard on politicians everywhere. No one tries much with racism any more. The tax issue, an old reliable, lost currency when Reagan won four years ago with promises of economy and ever since has been raising all sorts of taxes. And the war is now the burden of both parties. The general ennui of the age finally hit the politicians in Sacramento, and there seemed nowhere to turn for votes.

Then, less than a year ago, the minor miracle of San Francisco Bay was accomplished. A bill to provide regional control over filling the Bay seemed doomed; bulldozers would push it out to sea and create the world's largest industrial park. But in the summer of 1969 successive waves of what one state Senator called "50,000 hysterical women from San Mateo County" stormed the capitol. For days they filled all the galleries. One Senator was seriously threatened with recall. The legislators, with much of their constituency staring silently down at them, changed their mind. The Bay was saved; the three or four legislators responsible became public heroes and those who didn't secretly swore to have their fling in the next session.

The new election issue healed, for a time, the sores of the past. In terms of voters, ecology is a political issue without liabilities: fresh, untainted, with none of the bickering about integration, the failure of tax reform or the deadlock of the war. Ecology is a way out, an escape from the past decade.

Hence to the 250 environment bills in Sacramento. But what do they propose? Almost everyone agrees that there will be four or five big environment fights this session, that these fights will produce memorable rhetoric, with even the old men who sit with their arms braced on their knees, stomachs stretched tight against their shirts, swearing they love every lily in the field. And almost everyone agrees that these fights will be less notable for their legislative production than for the language that surrounds them—this being an election year and the same old men needing campaign money from Kaiser Steel, Kern County Land, Union Oil or any of a dozen others that can supply, but for value received, the average $60,000 it takes to win a seat in the legislature.

But with so much momentum and with so much public support (the Harris Poll recently named environment the number one issue in the minds of the public), can it be that the California legislature will leave the state suffocating and strangling in its own wastes? "It's like this," says James Pardu, consultant to the Assembly Committee on Conservation and Natural Resources, "the legislature has a terrible, awesome power to absorb an issue and neutralize it." He tossed a report on the table. "This committee studied freeways and aesthetics in 1963. That was seven years ago. The committee studied and reported and nothing happened. The gas tax pumps up more and more money and we get more and more freeways."

The gas tax is one of the four or five issues that will dominate the environment calendar this year. California taxes each gallon of gas 7 cents, and the total, amounting to more than $1 billion a year, can be used only for highway construction. The horror of downtown Los Angeles is largely a result of this gas tax, but at one time the state so believed in it that the tax was written into the constitution.

This year the legislature will propose a constitutional amendment to divert some of this money to environmental controls. The proposal has received a great deal of press notice, and passage of the amendment will be called a "victory" for conservationists. Yet the influence of one state Senator, Randolph Collier, the "father

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of California freeways," has limited the appropriation for environmental controls to less than 10 per cent of the gas tax income. If the amendment passes, the legislature must still vote the funds, and will have to do the same each year. The expected $90 million will "finance rapid transit" throughout the state and promote "smog research." But rapid transit in the Bay area alone has cost more than $2 billion and remains unfinished. A transit system for Southern California would cost many times the Bay Area total. The "victory" for conservationists is likely to come to this: a few expensive grants to universities, and two study commissions – one on rapid transit and one on smog – which, like so many before them, will report on the necessity for change and retire from the scene.

How tax moneys are used is particularly significant for environment issues because they are particularly susceptible to study groups. If tax money fails to finance measures that will produce change, and instead finances those that only report the need for it, then the measures of change will fail. Two years ago the legislature passed a mandate that conservation education become a part of the California public school curriculum. No appropriation to finance the mandate ever passed. Thus conservation education, like other environment bills, exists in the quasi-world somewhere between official sanction and real existence.

John Zierold, head of the Planning and Conservation League, the only group in Sacramento that lobbied *for* environment, points out that the state spends $15 million a year for driver education. "It's considered one of those necessary, worthless nuisances of the education system," he says. But conservation education is not so lucky. This year the PCL has written a bill that would initiate an Environmental Defense Fund, similar to the National Defense Fund of 1958. Zierold explains: "The National Defense Fund was a reaction to the gap in science education in this country in the late 1950's. Now there's a gap in conservation education that is deeper and much more dangerous. This bill would do more than sponsor trips to the Weyerhauser Tree Farms. It would be tough, real education, with funds available all the way through graduate school." But the bill would cost $10 million a year andZierold sees little hope beyond the passage of some token measure.

The "token measure" approach to the environment is popular this session, even in emergency cases. On all the California coast between Oregon and Mexico, only 90 miles of open beach remain. Like Burma Shave signs, the real estate billboards march up the coast; in some parts of the southern coast there are more oil derricks than palm trees.

To save what's left a few legislators have proposed a regional control commission that would study the problem for three years with power to stop development in the interim. Governor Reagan has publicly recognized the crisis and in his state of the state address promised to "preserve our few estuaries and open our coast and beach areas to the public." But he has refused to support the bill. He prefers instead an approach that would give the state no power over land use along the coast; it would allow only that the state agency "advise" local governments, hoping that reason and logic will prevail. "It's a sucker bet," says Zierold.

A compromise bill may evolve, with Reagan accepting a control commission but one without interim powers. The effect of such a compromise could be to accelerate the commercial development of the coast: speculators would rush to begin their projects during a "study" period, and before the commission assumes power. Nonetheless, the passing of the compromise bill would allow the administration to claim fulfillment of the Governor's promise.

Thus the California legislature waddles toward its promised environmental revolution. It has already become a cliché in Sacramento to say that the "crisis in our environment" will not be cured in one swift blow, that it will take "dedicated effort" between "bipartisan teams" for many years. It is an attitude that perhaps contains bitter wisdom gained from the past decade, but its effect on legislation is debilitating. The best example of this is the most visible and crucial of the pollution problems in California, air pollution.

California has been passing air pollution laws for more than fifteen years, and this year it will pass a few more. A special subcommittee has introduced eighteen bills in a package that attacks the problem from four directions: emissions from motor vehicles, the chemical structure of gasoline, emission from stationary sources, and the power of the state to enforce remedies.

According to a special counsel to the subcommittee, this effort represents a new approach: a comprehensive plan, supposedly, that will attack air pollution from every angle. Yet when asked if the package *lacked* any important ingredients, the counsel smiled in a tired way and replied: "There's simply nothing in it that will give us clean air in five years."

"But wasn't the state saying the same thing five years ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, how about ten years from now?"

"I don't know."

The counsel was admitting nothing, however, that a study of the bills will not show. One will reduce the amount of lead in gasoline; another will reduce agricultural burning in the California central valley; one will check emissions from old cars; and another will include small cars in emission laws; one will regulate the construction of electric power plants that burn fossil fuels; and another will require regional air pollution control districts throughout the state.

These are all good bills, and for their sponsors they create a great deal of attention in the press. But several

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onsiderations remain: first, all of the bills will not pass. According to the special counsel, three of the most important (strengthening of emission standards, emission checks for old cars, regulation of power plants) are already doomed, and he admits he "could be wrong" about the predicted passage of yet three others. Of the bills that do pass, few will be in their present form. They will become "committee bills," the compromise of the demands of both houses.

"Yes, Sir-e-e. This'll Get More Votes Than 'Fight Communism'!"

As part of the waddle, this may be considered effective legislation, but if, as the special counsel implied, the object is to clean the air in five, or ten, years, the Sacramento legislation is a failure. There is no hint, for instance, of limiting the number of automobiles in a state that already has more than 10 million and predicts it will have 20 million in a decade. In San Francisco the air pollution control district admits that, with the 1975 emission standards in effect, smog will begin to worsen by the early 1980s because of the increase in cars alone. But even if cars were limited, the state has no serious plans for anything to take their place. Only the Bay Area will have a rapid transit system by the early 1980s; the rest of California will still be driving.

It has been said that it is unreasonable to expect any state legislature ever to produce an effective legislative package on any important issue, and there is evidence to support this belief. Yet if the environment of California is to be saved from the disease that spreads outward from Los Angeles, the state must save it. Only Sacramento has enough power in the right places. The federal government's powers are too often indirect, too often use the dubious technique of the carrot and the stick. Local government, as everyone knows, is prostrate, bankrupt and greedy.

Yet the old habits die hard, if they are dying at all. Zierold believes that the major cause for the paralysis of the legislature is its weakness for political musical chairs. The leadership of the Senate has changed twice in the past year and may change again any day. The present leader is Jack Schrade, a right-wing Republican whose victory over moderate Howard Way was facilitated by the votes of many Democrats. In the twisted politics of the Senate chambers, Schrade's victory was considered a defeat for Governor Reagan and that, presumably, was enough reason to sacrifice the Senate leadership to a man whose politics come creeping out of the dark of the night. But a grand jury recently investigated Schrade for alleged bribery and the game will soon begin again. Meanwhile the environment bills pile up in the subcommittees, no one pushing because no one knows who to push against.

One final consideration: if the hand of God were to strike Sacramento, chastise the legislature and force the passage of every beneficent environment bill in the hopper, what would be the outcome?

"Not much," according to Alfred Heller, president of California Tomorrow, perhaps the most literate conservation group in the state. He explains:

> Southern California loses 70 square miles of open space every year to the bulldozers. The Bay Area loses 20. The legislature is not even considering anything that will stop this.
>
> The California Water Project will turn the San Joaquin Valley into a sump and San Francisco Bay into a sewer, all for a greater Los Angeles. Nothing is being done that will even begin to stop the Water Project.
>
> The air pollution control bills will set up control districts all over the state like the one we have here in [San Francisco]. Well, we've had the thing for fifteen years and last year we had some of the worst smog ever. Does that mean that the rest of the state will now get to have smog just like us?
>
> How can they possibly plan and budget to survive with that loose-leaf program they've got? A tit here, a tat there. No one's talking about a plan for the state. It's just like the poverty program. No one knows where it's going because there's no concept, no central idea behind it. Say "State Plan" and every politician hides under the table. They're scared it will sound like socialism; they're scared it will detract from their own pet program.
>
> But even if the politicians were willing, I don't know what would happen. The fact is no one knows what a state plan is because there aren't any.

As important as a state plan would be to environmental reform, it would be doomed without a similar reform in the state's tax system. Here, too, the legislature has failed. According to Georg Treichel, a professor of ecology at San Francisco State, "we still financially reward the man who rapes the land, air or water. Pass all the laws you want; as long as the tax system dictates that the highest and best use of the land is a shopping center or subdivision, then that's what we will get. And as long as local governments fight one another for big industry to ease the tax load, that too is what we will get." ■

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'Who Am I?' The Indian Sickness

ROY BONGARTZ
Mr. Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street *(Houghton Mifflin), has been a radio announcer, education adviser, reporter and, for many years, a* Nation *contributor. He has recently visited extensively among the Indians of New York State and eastern Canada.*

Q: *Who told you that all Indians are like warts and the only way you can get rid of them is burn them off?*

A: *A man in Vermillion.*

The questioner in the above exchange was Boyd M. Benson, chairman of the Board of Pardons and Paroles for the state of South Dakota. Replying was a newspaper man. The remarks came in a hearing in the South Dakota state penitentiary last winter on commutation of a death sentence that had been passed on an 18 - year - old Rosebud Sioux convicted of murder — Thomas White Hawk. The many Indians who testified, hoping to save White Hawk, went far beyond the facts of the case to reach into the troubling mysteries in the never stabilized identity of the Indian in a racist white world.

First of all, the facts. White Hawk, a freshman at the University of South Dakota, believing he had been sold a faulty engagement ring, got drunk with a fellow student one night in March 1967, and at dawn broke into the house of the jeweler and shot him twice with a .22 rifle. He hit the man on the head with a skillet and put a pan of blood in the oven of the kitchen stove. He turned the pictures so that they faced the walls, then tied the jeweler's wife to her bed and raped her. He spent the day lying on a sofa, crying and trying to sleep. Police found him in the house that evening, hiding in a closet under a pile of clothes. On the advice of a court - assigned lawyer, White Hawk pleaded guilty to premeditated murder, and on January 15, 1968, Circuit Judge James Bandy sentenced him to die in the electric chair.

The 40,000 Sioux in South Dakota saw the death sentence, which has not been carried out in the state for more than twenty years, as an example of cruel white man's vengeance upon an Indian obviously suffering from mental illness. White Hawk had been a brilliant scholarship student and record - setting athlete in his last year at prep school, but then had been hit in the head by a shot-put, suffered personality changes, and dropped to the foot of his class. The Indians believed that in neglecting to tell the judge of this accident, White Hawk showed a fatalistic, suicidal hopelessness in the face of the white man's authority that typified the alienation of them all. Protesting the execution, the Sioux poured out, one after another, the pain they suffer in the limbo between a nearly destroyed aboriginal civilization and a modern society that won't quite let them in.

Said Melvin Tom, representing one Indian group: "It is an injustice that has come about because of the relationship between Indians and whites. White Hawk's case is like many others: once confined and tried under the law, many of us find it easier to say: We give up and we will submit to the penalty, with more of a suicide nature, and to get the thing over with, rather than to fight. They say, I have done it, do with me what you want to do with me. You have always done what you want to with us anyway.

Then the State's Attorney asked, "But they are not mentally ill, are they?" Tom replied, "I would think of them as mentally ill while they are in the state they are."

Chairman Benson told a girl named Twilo Martin, representing an Indian student group, that as a boy he had played with Indians, "and we never had any trouble." She replied, "O.K., so I played with a lot of white kids, but that doesn't make us the same. Just because we played with one another doesn't make us equal. You can take a child, and he goes to school and learns about middle - class Dick and Jane, and goes home and takes a look at maybe his drunk mom or dad, and he starts seeing them as the whites see them." Then when the children are taken away to missionary schools and see their parents months later, "they have to go through this whole period again of getting used to their parents."

State's Attorney Charles Wolsky asked Miss Martin if she didn't agree that Indians and whites should be judged by the same standards. She replied: "Right, but you see, there is one other thing that confuses me a little bit; the fact I think in order to be equal, first they are going to have to find out who the heck they are." Said Wolsky: "While they are finding out who the heck they are, is society supposed to suffer?" Miss Martin replied, "Well, I think society has suffered for a long time already, so I don't suppose, by one death, it is going to ease the pain of it that much."

Rev. Philip Allen, minister of an Episcopal church with an Indian congregation in Sioux City, tried to put the White Hawk case into perspective: "I can see in Tom and what has happened to him the same kind of thing that happens to a great many of our Indian young people. Fortunately not too many of them ever find themselves in the position Tom is in, but they are having trouble, and I see Tom's life as being an example of what happens too often to our Indian young people. I see his life as being a series of adjustments." An Indian newspaper man, Gerald Vizenor, said: "Tom was involved in a conflict of his own identity, his own unconscious life of Indian identity, and his pursuit of the dominant white society. I saw it in myself. I saw it in many other Indian people, the sense of culture schizophrenia, in that the very society which creates the sickness in which Indians have had to live for 150 years is the society which now every day becomes a doctor, tries to solve their problems."

The Indians' charge that the severity of the sentence came out of racial hatred grew louder in the months that White Hawk spent alone on death row. Said Vizenor: "I have one distinct advantage over an Indian who has dark skin. I can communicate to white people without admitting at first I am Indian. People spoke to me as if they were going to inform me as another white person of the Indian problems. I found a great deal of prejudice. In fact, it was rare that I didn't find a racist attitude toward Indians in this state."

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The board was advised to look for a message in the silence of the Indians. Vizenor said: "Indians express themselves far more silently about these matters. They don't form committees, ordinarily, and sign petitions. I think this board should in some way try to discover what that feeling is. Indians have largely been left out of all these experiences, such simple things as being on school boards or participating in campaigns . . . . These are not really Indian experiences. Their experiences have been dismal rejection and compromises from the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The only way most Indians make it is to leave the reservations and do as Tom White Hawk did. He wanted to be a doctor, wanted to have a dream to be like Ben Riefel and Oscar Howe and Ramon Roubideaux, and all three of these men can say the same thing – that they wouldn't want to live on the reservation. They wouldn't want to go through that kind of life again. They want to be white, because being white is being accepted, and having some measure of personal power. But not all Indians can make it, and when they don't, the failures are dismal. They are terrible failures. But, no effort is made to understand these failures, no effort."

One of his Indian classmates at the University of South Dakota, Mary Pat Cooney, told the board that White Hawk had, during his first semester, changed from a self - assured, conscientious student to a near dropout. "Tom was extremely quiet, and kind of a stick-to-it-ive person. He had self - assurance, or something inward that drew you to him." Later, when he had changed, "he didn't look at you and say Hi. He was like, well, any of the other Indian students on campus; rather shy and withdrawn, and with a kind of look-at-your-feet way. I think it's difficult at the university to be an Indian, because you just don't quite fit. The majority of the Indian students stick together, eat together, run around together, pal around together, everything. But Tom broke away. He joined a fraternity house and he went out in the white society, as you call it at the university, and they would almost accept him, but there was still this little stipulation that you are not quite like us. Then he would come back, and you would see him running around with some of the Indian kids for a while. But still, if you go out in the white society too much, and you come back to the Indian, you are no longer accepted, from the mere fact that you broke away. I think this causes a lot of frustration. I know it has in me. I know it must have in Tom. I think this is the main problem. If the Indian students stick together they are completely shunned, and if they try to go out, they are hit with all kinds of barriers and other frustrations that do not face normal students." Another student, a member of an Indian club at the university, named Lula Red Cloud, said, "I am called a squaw when I walk down the halls; I get a big war whoop when I walk into a class."

Besides their protest that White Hawk's head injury and his "cultural breakdown" had not been presented as evidence, the Indians also claimed that the lawyer assigned to him was inexperienced in criminal law, and had falsely told him that his only possible plea was to premeditated murder. But the Indians felt white sentiment hardening against White Hawk. A representative of the American Indian Civil Liberties Council, Robert Burnett, testified: "A lot of people seeking revenge against the Indians may say, 'Well, we hope he burns.' I've heard this." Such an attitude was typified by a letter to the Rapid City *Journal* from a Belvidere rancher, Baxter Berry, who wrote: "I can see no reason why White Hawk shouldn't pay for his crime with his life – or anybody else that commits similar crimes. It seems to me we should be thinking about the law - abiding citizens. Our laws should be for the benefit of the majority. You don't have to do these terrible things that are in the news every day, no one forces you. I know one thing: whether you are human or animal you are born with a strong will to preserve your life. You don't mind taking a chance if you think you won't get killed. These 'bleeding hearts,' as Bishop Sheen described them, might feel different if persons such as White Hawk and a horde of others came into their homes."

This letter of Berry's was prophetic in a way that struck an old terror into the Indians, because Berry, the son of former South Dakota Governor Tom Berry, on March 21, 1969, himself shot and killed an unarmed Rosebud Sioux Indian named Norman Little Brave. And while White Hawk still languished on death row, a coroner's jury in White River declared the killing to be "non-felonious," meaning that Berry was out free. Finally the dead man's widow, Florence, charged Berry with murdering her husband, and Berry went on trial in September. Berry admitted shooting Little Brave twice with his pistol, saying he was afraid of the Indian because of bad feeling arising out of the Indian's dogs having chased the rancher's cattle. Berry, who had the top legal defense in the state, was found not guilty by an all-white jury of ten women and two men. Since Berry ranch land is on Indian territory, the Rosebud Sioux Tribal Council had tried to cancel Berry's lease after the killing. A councilman said, "If we don't put our foot down, there'll be an open season on Indians." But the Bureau of Indian Affairs, in Washington, denied the Indians the right to cancel the lease, so Berry still has his ranch land. After the acquittal, an Indian writing in the *Rosebud Sioux Herald* compared Berry's case with that of White Hawk: "Two Indians for one white man? Or are they going to give White Hawk a retrial and acquit him also? Until this happens, there isn't one Indian in South Dakota who is safe, because tomorrow the value of the Indian may change from two to three Indians for one white man . . . ."

The facts in South Dakota show that Indian fears are well - founded. Rapid City attorney James Abourezk cites the case of an Indian jailed in Hot Springs after a car crash; he died two days later of injuries. He also notes, in Hot Springs, the shooting of an Indian driver who was speeding. And in the town of Oelrichs, says the lawyer, an Indian was kicked to death by a deputy while an officer watched. He adds: "The stories that reached me concerning these events were almost impossible to believe until the conclusion of my investigation."

On October 24, South Dakota Gov. Frank Farrar commuted White Hawk's sentence to life imprisonment, recommending against any future parole or pardon, on grounds of the Indian's "tragic social environment," as

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well as "serious questions as to the mental condition of the defendant." A week later, the Governor received a letter, postmarked Brookings, denouncing the commutation, and threatening sabotage of the Governor's airplane, and physical injury to his wife. Meanwhile the handsome, square - jawed White Hawk spends his time in the penitentiary, painting oils and writing poetry; a sample of this is "The Confused People," which reads, in part:

He begins to descend the slope again' his home
But in the process, stumbles along the pathway.
But he makes it safely. He sets himself down for rest.
However, he immediately has to roam
Again. But what makes him restless to go that way?

As for the Indians, the newly elected tribal president of the Rosebud Sioux, Rev. Webster Two Hawk, stated that the reaction on the reservation was "thankfulness." ■

SAIGON'S SECRET POLICE

D. GARETH PORTER

Mr. Porter is a graduate student in the Southeast Asia Program of Cornell University. He has contributed to a volume of essays on Vietnam, soon to be published by Random House.

In 1967, New Jersey Gov. Richard Hughes, sent to Vietnam to help legitimize the Presidential election there, remarked to reporters that if peasant voters were pressured or intimidated, they could "call their policemen" – as though the friendly local cop would save them from the political thugs. The U.S. Public Safety Division of AID, in the more grandiose rhetoric of the "nation - building" bureaucracy, refers to the Vietnamese National Police as the "builder/protector of the orderly political development of Vietnam's newly emerging Democracy."

The reality behind this benign imagery is a police apparatus that has always been an instrument of political control and repression, but whose capabilities have been enormously increased by a determined effort on the part of the U.S. mission. Only in the last five years, in fact, has the Vietnamese National Police been molded into an effective, nationwide apparatus for controlling the thought and behavior of the Vietnamese people. One of the costs of maintaining in power a government as unpopular as the Saigon military regime has been the creation of a police state as complete as any in Asia.

The basis for this police state was laid during Ngo Dinh Diem's regime, which ruthlessly tracked down political opposition and rounded up tens of thousands suspected of working for the Vietminh. Diem's secret police were only one facet of his complex machinery of surveillance. The system was nevertheless too limited and ineffective for the counterinsurgency specialists in the U.S. Public Safety Division, who took the initiative in creating a "modern" police system in Vietnam. In 1962 they prevailed upon Diem to create a unified National Police out of several loosely coordinated national and local police organizations. The next step was to begin experimenting in 1963 with techniques of "resources control" borrowed from the British operations in Malaya. By March 1964 police advisers had completed an elaborate "National Police Plan," which envisioned building up the numbers, equipment and technical competence of the police, and which combined British techniques of population management with South Vietnamese concepts of political surveillance.

Apparently convinced that British methods in Malaya were not sufficiently tough to control the population of revolutionary Vietnam, the United States pushed a police program which involved a degree of political surveillance that had previously been attributed only to Communist totalitarian regimes. Far from hiding the fact, the manipulators who planned it have done their best to publicize their accomplishments.

The main features of police control in Vietnam are the national registration card program and the family census program, which together are intended to bring everyone living in government - controlled zones under effective observation. The registration card program, decreed by former National Police Chief Nguyen Ngoc Loan after his American advisers had, in their own words, "provided . . . the draft of a suitable decree," is supposed to be, when finished, "one of the most complete national identification systems in the world." The technical machinery put at the disposal of the program is indeed impressive: the national repository of fingerprints and biographical data, for example, will be comparable to the files of the FBI.

The cards give the police a basis for automatic arrest, since the lack of one is taken as proof of complicity with the National Liberation Front. On March 8, 1968, the very day on which General Loan announced that all male citizens from 15 to 40 would henceforth be required to possess registration cards, Saigon police seized more than 1,000 youths who didn't have cards and prepared to send them to prison on Con Son Island.

Far more important for the purpose of political surveillance is the attempt to classify politically each individual and family registered by the government. This scheme is a major component of the overall "population control" plan put into effect beginning in 1965. As described by the Public Safety Division's E. H. Adkins in his handbook on the police and counterinsurgency, it involves gathering information not only on the behavior but also on the political attitudes of families and individuals.

Each booklet issued to a family under the family census program has a duplicate which is retained by local authorities, along with a matching "control sheet." On

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this sheet is a space for "observations on political tendency"; there are two columns, one for attitudes toward the government, the other for attitudes toward the Front. With regard to the government, the policeman filling out the sheet may choose from seven categories: "entirely faithful," "cooperate entirely," "indifferent," "lack of belief," "do not cooperate," "dissatisfaction" and "opposition." With regard to the Front, the sheet lists: "hate V.C.," "V.C. sympathizer," "V.C. partisan" and "had contact." Information on these attitudes is obtained by questioning neighbors and from secret police agents in the locality. A similar method of classifying political attitudes has been adopted for holders of the new identity cards.

While regular uniformed police have been involved in handing out family booklets and identity cards and manning checkpoints, the key component of the apparatus of political surveillance is the "Special Police," the euphemism for Vietnam's secret political police. Like the other branches of the National Police, the Special Police receive supplies from the Public Safety Division, but their training and advice come exclusively from the Central Intelligence Agency, which is presumably more at home with secret police types.

Along with the overall growth of National Police personnel, which is now at 89,000 and which U.S. advisers hope will reach 163,000 by 1973, there has been a concommitant expansion in the secret police. The 13,500 men in the Special Police today (not counting the thousands of informers and toughs on its payroll or on that of the CIA) come close to the total of 16,000 to 19,000 policemen of all kinds at the time of Diem's overthrow. Moreover, 4,000 more men are to be added to the Special Police in 1970 alone, under the current plan.

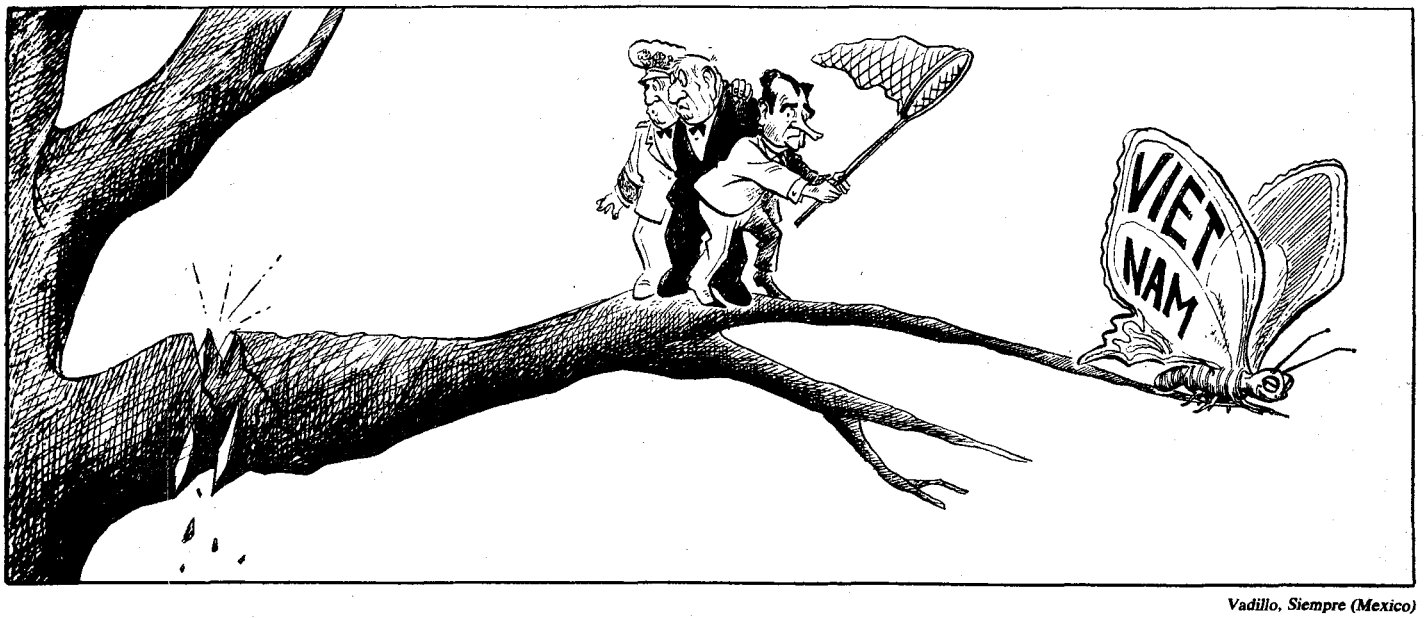
Total control over thought and action cannot be realized in any country, much less one in revolutionary upheaval. But with increasing means at their disposal, the political surveillance forces are making rapid progress. It is expected that the registration and classification of 10 million Vietnamese will be accomplished by the end of next year.

One of the results of the program has been to create a political and legal category of persons called "V.C. suspects." If an informer's tip, circumstantial evidence, or simply suspicious behavior cause police to believe that a man or woman might be cooperating with the NLF, he or she falls into this category and becomes an addition to the statistics of arrest meticulously kept by the police and their American advisers. And since judicial proceedings are rarely employed to examine evidence, the distinction between "V.C." and "V.C. suspect" is usually without substance.

In five years of control, the National Police have in fact never distinguished between the two categories. Thus far, more than 35,000 people have officially been arrested as "V.C. and V.C. suspects"; they account for most of the estimated 40,000 prisoners now in the jails and prisons of South Vietnam.

But even this elastic category produces only a minute proportion of the arrests made by the police since the program began. The figure now stands at about 550,000 people, according to official records. A very high percentage of those arrested have been deserters and draft evaders; in 1968 a U.S. official in the Public Safety Division revealed that more than 100,000 draft evaders had already been arrested, along with 12,000 deserters.

Most of the arrests, judging from statistics of the first year of "population control," fall into the two categories of "illegal dwellers" and "social offenders." An "illegal dweller" is anyone caught in a nighttime police raid on a private home who is not listed in the family's booklet and who does not have permission from the local authorities to be present. "Social offender," a term with strong totalitarian overtones, is apparently a catch - all designation for political prisoners. If, as a joint committee of the Vietnamese National Assembly recently dis-



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covered, 50,000 are people being detained at "temporary" centers around the country without specific charges and without trial, they are probably "illegal dwellers" and "social offenders." Most detainees, who are kept for weeks or months but finally released, owe their eventual freedom to the fact that the rate of arrests exceeds the capacity of the police to hold them.

The most intense political surveillance is found in the cities, especially Saigon. Students, intellectuals, Buddhist monks and anyone who has been involved in political, social or educational activity, are the objects of special suspicion, and detailed dossiers are compiled for each individual from reports of plain - clothes men and informers who infiltrate every student, religious or social welfare group. The possession of a publication which favors a negotiated end to the war, contact with an individual who is known to be anti - government, or the voicing of anti - government sentiments may be sufficient to cause arrest and imprisonment.

Except for a small number of individuals who may express guarded dissent without reprisal because they are well - known Catholic intellectuals, no one dares to speak freely beyond the confines of a small circle of trusted friends. This atmosphere of fear is not limited to political and intellectual circles; the police in Saigon have made a special effort to encourage everyone to inform on his neighbors. In April 1968, the official Vietnam Press Service announced that Saigon police would distribute "denouncement cards" to families in the city, these to be filled out and deposited in a locked box which the police would bring around to their houses. Although the plan attracted little notice at the time, it recalled Diem's "anti - Communist denunciation campaign" of the 1955-59 period, during which private citizens with grudges and officials eager for Diem's favor poured out a flood of "denunciations" that spread terror across the countryside. The results obtained with the "denouncement card" campaign were not made public.

Since the police are encouraged to find the maximum number of "V.C. suspects" and to obtain the maximum number of "confessions," torture is a matter of routine. As the pro-government *Saigon Daily News* pointed out in 1968: "The gist of the matter is that a policeman is promoted for action leading to the conviction of a criminal, that courts accept confessions as evidence of guilt, and that, in consequence, it is to the interest of individual officers to torture arrested persons until they confess." The U.S. study team was able to confirm, on the basis of conversations with former prisoners, as well as with doctors and others who had treated prisoners, that "torture in detention and interrogation centers is general procedure."

Two specific cases illustrate how torture is used to produce "confessed V.C." After the Tet offensive in 1968, Len Ackland, an International Voluntary Services employee in Hue, found that one of the girls who had been working for IVS had been arrested by police because she had relatives in the NLF and lacked the proper identification. She had been beaten until, according to the Special Police, she confessed that she worked for the NLF. After two and a half months in a hospital, the time it took for her to recover, she was sent to prison.

In August 1968, Russ Kleinbach, a respected civilian doctor in Saigon, examined and talked with a woman who a policeman said was a "Vietcong suspect," after she had been through three days of "interrogation." The police wished to know her condition, since they wanted to continue the questioning that night. The woman had received not only multiple cuts and bruises on the head, face, body, and in the mouth but had multiple fractures of the small bones of her hands from beatings with a heavy stick. She also had several marks on her back which she said were from electric shocks. She had been taken into custody despite the fact that her papers were in order. Whether or not she, too, ultimately "confessed," is not known.

Given free rein to make arrests, policemen are also in a position to extort money from people whom they accuse of being "V.C. suspects," a practice which is especially popular with regard to wealthier citizens who can afford to pay large ransoms. A member of the National Assembly, Ngo Cong Duc, charged last year that hundreds of arbitrary arrests had been made in Vinh Binh province, as part of an extortion racket from which the province chief himself was receiving a cut.

In Tam Ky, Quang Tin province, where right - wing Vietnam Nationalist Party members have a powerful position within the secret police, as well as other city and province organs, five wealthy businessmen were intimidated into paying large sums of money to avoid imprisonment as Vietcong. They had to bribe not only the police but the province chief and the judge in Danang to obtain their release from jail.

All of this background is necessary for understanding the operation of the highly publicized "Phoenix" program, under which some 35,000 people have already been killed or captured. Prime Minister Tran Thien Khiem likes to speak in terms of "eliminating die - hard cadres," but in fact the majority of those arrested are merely low - level propagandists, supply agents and others who are part - time helpers in the NLF ranks.

What is most significant about the program is that provincial police officials are expected to meet specific quotas for eliminating enemy "cadres" each month, although the official term for these quotas is "goals." As in the "anti - Communist denunciation campaign" and the Strategic Hamlet program, those officials who fail to meet the goals lose favor with the government; those who produce results are promoted. Thus quotas are likely to be met by applying practices which are already routine for the police. The victims are the people of South Vietnam, who must suffer yet another intensification of the terror which they have come to associate with the police.

This totalitarian - oriented machinery of arbitrary arrest and political surveillance, which the United States helped shape with money and advice, will not be dismantled if the Nixon Administration manages to keep the present military regime in power. The men who have been put in office through American intervention have been frank enough to say that the facade of liberal institutions is only for American consumption. Perhaps this police state will be one of America's legacies to the Vietnamese people.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Tiger by the Tail

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE: Security on Trial. *By Philip M. Stern with the collaboration of Harold P. Green. Harper & Row. 591 pp. $10.*

THE GREAT WEAPONS HERESY. *By Thomas W. Wilson, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co. 275 pp. $5.95.*

THE SWIFT YEARS: The Robert Oppenheimer Story. *By Peter Michelmore. Dodd, Mead & Co. 273 pp. $6.95.*

ALLEN WEINSTEIN
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An unfriendly security officer wrote in 1943 that J. Robert Oppenheimer was "deeply concerned with gaining a world-wide reputation as a scientist, and a place in history." Certainly no other modern scientist has received as much attention from historians and journalists. During the past two decades, Oppenheimer has been the subject of a dozen assorted books, including even a mediocre novel and a stilted, but successful, documentary play. What distinguished Oppenheimer among scientists was not his fusion of separate careers as physicist, administrator and government adviser. Rather, he achieved notoriety because of the sudden disruption of that career in 1953, when an Atomic Energy Commission loyalty board voted to deny him further security clearance. After his security hearing, Oppenheimer became a hero to liberal Americans and remained one until his death in 1967.

Prior to his hearing, Oppenheimer had been a brilliant theoretical physicist at Berkeley, director of the Los Alamos atomic bomb project, chairman of the AEC's General Advisory Committee of scientists, and director of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Studies. These achievements had assured his "world-wide reputation"; but, ironically, only the shabby treatment he received from the AEC's loyalty review board brought Oppenheimer, overnight, a distinct "place in history."

His previous public image as the Promethean "Father of the Atomic Bomb" was superseded after 1953 by a more compassionate view of the man as a harrowed Galileo, hounded from public life for youthful radicalism and dissenting opinions on military strategy. This later attitude toward Oppenheimer characterizes three recent books by Philip M. Stern, Thomas W. Wilson, Jr., and Peter Michelmore. They differ greatly in quality and offer different kinds of insights, but they overlap sufficiently to provide a cumulative portrait of Oppenheimer's unique place among scientists of his generation.

Stern's book, undoubtedly the best of the three, is a masterful examination of the factors that led to Oppenheimer's fall from governmental grace. The scientist had become a center of controversy among Washington officials during the Truman years while serving as chairman of the AEC's General Advisory Committee and also as a member of various government boards concerned with developing the military uses of nuclear energy. During these years, he earned the animosity of Adm. Lewis Strauss, Eisenhower's choice as AEC chairman, after having ridiculed Strauss's opinions before a Congressional committee. At the same time, Edward Teller and other leading advocates of the hydrogen bomb project blamed Oppenheimer for having originally opposed a crash program to produce the "superbomb" and considered him still hostile toward their work. The Strategic Air Command's "Big Bomb" tacticians also questioned the scientist's judgment for having favored an improved continental defense system and small atomic weapons development, presumably at the cost of reducing the SAC's central military function.

The simmering brew of personal and doctrinal antagonisms toward Oppenheimer bubbled over in 1953 when a former Air Force security officer named William Liscum Borden charged him with having been a Soviet espionage agent for the previous fourteen years. Borden's "evidence" for this astonishing assertion consisted mainly of references to Oppenheimer's more controversial opinions on strategic questions – particularly his initial opposition to the H-bomb program – along with a catalogue of previously known facts concerning the scientist's earlier associations with Berkeley Communists. This security file had been reviewed thoroughly and discounted by Gen. Leslie Groves at Los Alamos and by both the FBI and the AEC, following the war. On most occasions from the beginning of his involvement with secret government work, Oppenheimer had been thoroughly cooperative with security investigators, not only supplying material on his own background but also volunteering information on other atomic scientists – friends, associates and students – whom he considered potential "security risks."

Oppenheimer had been cleared for top security purposes time after time from 1943 to 1953. After being informed of Borden's accusatory letter, however, President Eisenhower ordered a "blank wall" placed between the "Father of the Atomic Bomb" and all atomic security information pending an AEC hearing of the charges. The panel voted 2 to 1 to deny him a security clearance, a judgment that the full Atomic Energy Commission sanctioned by a 4 to 1 ballot. From 1953 to his death, J. Robert Oppenheimer had no further access to restricted materials on atomic energy, and rarely did he serve in any official capacity as a government consultant.

By transcribing the sorry record of Oppenheimer's hearing, Philip Stern exposes the grave abuse of individual rights perpetrated by the government's loyalty-security program upon thousands of similarly honorable public servants since the program's inception in 1947. Stern, in a concluding chapter, makes an impassioned and persuasive case for the system's complete elimination, not only because of its undemocratic procedures but because it has failed to uncover almost any real "security risks," even by its own expansive definitions of that term. Of the nearly 5 million federal employees screened under the Truman administration's loyalty program from 1947 to 1952, only 560 or one-hundredth of 1 per cent were "removed or denied Federal employment on grounds relating to loyalty." Since 1952, an even smaller number of "disloyal" employees has been exposed. Yet to sustain this futile spy hunt, the federal government alone has spent (according to Stern) "between one-half and three-quarters of a *billion* dollars" in the past two decades.

Nothing enhanced Robert Oppenheimer's career as a government adviser as much as the behavior of those who destroyed it. In the name of protecting "secrets," many of which had been developed by Oppenheimer himself, the AEC's security panel conducted one of the most unfair semi-judicial proceedings in recent American history. The reader may examine for himself the full measure of its improprieties in *The Oppenheimer Case*. The Eisenhower administration succeeded, of course, in discrediting Oppenheimer as a government policy maker. But, in the

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process, his reputation among fellow scientists rose to almost mythic proportions. Oppenheimer, who had complained privately to friends during the Truman years that he no longer felt comfortable in the rapidly changing world of theoretical physics, now found himself a leading social spokesman for the American scientific community.

He remained curiously passive throughout his security hearing, however, and under questioning apologized rather pathetically at times for his earlier radical sympathies. Even Galileo might have faltered under the relentless probing of prosecutor Roger Robb; but at least part of the explanation for Oppenheimer's waning self-confidence before the loyalty-security board lies elsewhere. "I am grateful to, and I hope properly appreciative of the patience and consideration that the board has shown me," the scientist volunteered as a final statement to the panel that, Stern says, "had browbeaten him and shamed him and stripped his life bare."

Behind this measured complicity in his own undoing as a government adviser lay a fact that Stern recognizes but fails to make clear. Oppenheimer, unlike the author, accepted the *legitimacy*, not merely of the security system itself but of his own trial. For more than a decade, he had been the model of an enthusiastic scientist in government and perhaps the most influential mediator between the two realms. Throughout this period, he had abetted on numerous occasions and helped strengthen a security system that now condemned him. On several of these occasions, Oppenheimer himself had privately offered hearsay evidence that impeached the loyalty and reliability of other scientists, including his own students and friends. Small wonder, then, that he should thank the board when he accepted its purposes and agreed with its procedures.

From 1943 to 1953, largely because of his testimony to security agents, several radical scientists lost their jobs, had their draft exemptions revoked, and were denied vital security clearance. They found their careers ruined or foreshortened, and in some cases, they were driven into long-term exile. These men received far less attention or support from the scientific community than did Oppenheimer at the time of his ordeal. Few Americans protested when brilliant young physicists such as Bernard Peters (once a Nazi concentration camp inmate), Rossi Lomanitz and David Bohm were forced from teaching positions at leading universities, with Bohm and Peters eventually settling abroad. All three were friends and students of Oppenheimer, exposed by their mentor as possible Communists on various occasions to the FBI, to Army Intelligence, and even to HUAC.

In no single career was the interlocking of science and government in the United States swifter or more complete than in that of Oppenheimer. Through the accident of war, this remarkable theoretical physicist became a highly successful scientific administrator and government policy consultant. At times, his efforts to mediate between the Academy and the AEC buckled under the strain of controversy. As early as 1945, Oppenheimer opposed demands by other nuclear physicists for a dramatic demonstration test of the atomic bomb to induce Japanese surrender prior to the weapon's actual military use. He also originally favored continued military control of atomic energy, although he shifted to support for a civilian AEC once pressures from fellow scientists had emerged on the issue. Subsequently, Oppenheimer was instrumental in shaping the American proposals for international control of atomic energy presented to the United Nations as the Baruch Plan.

Throughout his tenure as an AEC adviser, he felt torn between his desire for internationalization of the atom and his growing distrust of Soviet foreign policy. After the Russians rejected the Baruch Plan, he worked actively to strengthen America's atomic arsenal. In no sense could Oppenheimer have been considered "soft" on communism during the Truman years. Indeed, his reservations concerning a hydrogen bomb crash program, according to Stern, were based as much on the technical difficulties involved as on moral objections.

Although Oppenheimer objected to the secrecy surrounding government debate over the H-bomb crash program, he served as chairman of the AEC's General Advisory Committee throughout the secret deliberations. Never did he become an open critic of American weapons policies during the Truman administration, nor did he support publicly the attacks on the nuclear arms race made by fellow scientists in such journals as *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. Oppenheimer was trapped into continued ambivalence on the basic dangers of the nuclear arms race by his pivotal role as a government adviser. Only when the Republicans took office in 1953 did he rejoin the ranks of private scientists as an ironic, if hardly tragic, victim of a polite purge by security agents with whom he had cooperated in the past.

Thomas W. Wilson, Jr.'s *The Great Weapons Heresy* summarizes the arguments over nuclear strategy that formed one of several grounds upon which Oppenheimer lost his security clearance. Wilson provides an extended supplement to Philip Stern's equally useful discussion of the strategic controversy which pitted those in the Air Force who favored American military reliance upon retaliatory "Great Weapons," such as the H-bomb, against Oppenheimer, who urged development of more diverse atomic weapons systems and of an early-warning defensive network. Wilson believes that Oppenheimer was somehow unique in formulating a "world view" appropriate to the new atomic technology and thereby overcoming in his own thought the period's "obsolete political and military traditions." Perhaps, but Oppenheimer was far from a "dove." Even Wilson acknowledges that the scientist "was more 'militant' than most of his colleagues on the [government's] Soviet Study Panel. . .accepted the need for an extremely powerful nuclear strike force; and. . .conceded the necessity for tight secrecy over military aspects of atomic energy."

Wilson writes of Oppenheimer's "long, agonized and often lonely [postwar] struggle" to understand the full impact of nuclear weaponry upon American society, as if the "Father of the Atomic Bomb" had been an isolated scientific "heretic" in opposing government secrecy or in disapproving of the decision to proceed with construction of the H-bomb. From *The Great Weapons Heresy*, one would never learn that the atomic scientists' *Bulletin* and such concerned scientific critics of government policy as James Franck, I. I. Rabi, Edward U. Condon and Leo Szilard had taken the lead in opposing America's nuclear build-up with more vigor and candor than Oppenheimer ever displayed during his tenure as the Truman administration's chief scientific adviser. Despite his earlier contribution to the Baruch Plan and his opposition to the H-bomb crash program, Oppenheimer dissented only belatedly and cautiously on most arms control issues.

Wilson's central premise is also questionable. Doubtless Oppenheimer's opposition to the H-bomb and his general hostility to the "Great Weapons" argument greatly disturbed the Air Force generals and Admiral Strauss. Nevertheless, there exists no substantive evidence that such opinions *alone* provoked the security hearing itself, as Wilson contends, and much evidence to the contrary. However, Wilson is less concerned with offering a balanced presentation of the complex set of factors that led to the AEC's decision to revoke Oppenheimer's clearance than he is with producing an admirable lawyer's brief for arms control agreements. Oppenheimer serves as the author's convenient symbol of scientific support for

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such agreements and, as an eloquent polemic for arms control negotiations, the book fulfills a useful function.

Peter Michelmore's biography, in many ways the least successful of the three books, still provides more insight into Oppenheimer's character than do either those of Stern or Wilson. Michelmore, an Australian journalist, has put together an affectionate if sometimes pedestrian sketch of Oppenheimer's life and times. His gushing descriptions of atomic physicists at work often read like *Junior Scholastic's* answer to *The Double Helix*, and his prose would sometimes give pause to the most benign *Time* copy editor. "In his sallow face burned the eyes of a revolutionary," Michelmore writes of Klaus Fuchs, "in his belly was the fire of a martyr."

A more serious problem concerns the author's apparent determination to whitewash every questionable episode in Oppenheimer's long and generally distinguished career. Thus with regard to Oppenheimer's friends and students, recklessly exposed to security agents over the years, the author argues that most of them later "forgave" their mentor for having become "cunning" and "a little corrupted" in order to survive as a government adviser.

Elsewhere in the book, Michelmore superbly captures Oppenheimer's distinctive self-confidence in dealings with students, scientific associates, security agents and high public officials. Seldom did Oppenheimer's associates, whether in or out of government, challenge his reputation as a guru. Even under the wartime restrictions of Los Alamos, "despite the weight of his new responsibility and his new prestige, his own judgment was king with him. He was still the same man who faked examination papers for foreign research assistants and awarded doctorates on a freelance basis. He was the Great Protector."

Of the three authors Michelmore comes closest to spelling out the contradictions that troubled Oppenheimer's final years, especially his inability to pursue either of the two careers upon which his reputation was based: science and public service. After his expulsion from the government, Oppenheimer entered not the laboratory but the lyceum circuit: Galileo became Jeremiah.

Yet Princeton's cloisters must have appeared brutally confining for someone of his restless and problem-solving temperament. One might wonder whether Oppenheimer's final career as spokesman for the dangers of a continued nuclear arms race ever absorbed him as fully as had his earlier life in Berkeley, Los Alamos and Washington. Michelmore again provides the relevant anecdote. Oppenheimer's friend, the Princeton philosopher Robert C. Cherniss, confronted him on the problem of his changing vocational concerns as early as 1948:

> "The time has come, Robert. . .for you to give up the political life and return to physics."
>
> And when he had hung at the door and not replied, Cherniss said, "Are you like the man who has a tiger by the tail?"
>
> Robert had thought about that for a moment and then replied truthfully, "yes." ■

Bedeviled Monks

TALES OF THE DERVISHES. *By Idries Shah. E. P. Dutton & Co. 222 pp. $ 6.95.*

JAMES KRITZECK

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No one seems to be able to prove an etymology for the word "dervish," which is exactly as it should be, since dervishes have always cloaked themselves with mystery. Dervishes are Sufis (pronounced "soofees"): the Persian and Turkish adherents of a form of contemplative life called Sufism (after *suf*, the woolen garments they wore) which has dominated Islamic spirituality since the 12th century. They have their confreres in the Arab and Indian fakirs and the African marabouts. Included among their numbers, over the centuries, have been some of the most learned and respected scholars of Islam as well as many of its greatest charlatans, madmen, wits and wags.

The Sufis started out as disaffected and high-minded ascetics, according to our best information. They were men (and quite a few women) who found it impossible to discover God in the triumphant caliphate, the Draconian law, the impenetrably complacent *pax islamica*, or even the literal words of the Koran. They set out on their own, availing themselves of "ancient wisdom" from the Greeks, the Hindus and the Chinese, and some of them became saints and mystics. Their mediocre students became theorists and, over the centuries, organized themselves into religious orders which ultimately took the form of lodges, having little or nothing to do with the original spiritual ideals. That was the point at which they started to take drugs, pierce their flesh, and whirl. That was also the point at which they got their bad reputation and first became known in the West.

One thing common to Sufis, as a rule, was a form of teaching—as old as the human spirit—in parables. It mattered not at all where the basic stories came from. Sufis always had a lot to hide anyway, and as the generations went on, the wisdom locked in their parables grew more and more esoteric. Yet it would be silly to underestimate the educational value of the "illuminations" which these parables gave to centuries of dedicated Sufis. They are indeed our best way of discovering what Sufism is all about.

Idries Shah, an intense admirer of Sufis and an inveterate story chaser, has put together eighty-two stories from this inexhaustible and rather furtive treasury. It is really too bad that he did not provide an introductory essay to the collection; as the author of several good popular books on the subject, he could certainly have done that very well. (As an alternative there is *The Darvishes: Or Oriental Spiritualism*, written in 1868 by John P. Brown, a secretary and interpreter at the American Legation in Istanbul. It's a pleasant old classic recently reissued by Frank Cass & Co., Ltd.)

Perhaps one would not have to know a great deal about Sufi tales to enjoy them; but one would certainly enjoy them more if he understood them better in terms of origin, structure and context. It is true that the compiler provides a very brief commentary (seldom more than a few lines) on each, but that is where the trouble starts. Much of the information is exasperatingly incomplete or downright wrong; some of the explanations of the stories' Sufi meanings are highly questionable, too; but at least those matters are in the realm of eternally shimmering doubt.

When approaching these tales one should be forewarned that he is not going into the orderly realm of Zen paradox. It would be truer to say that he is going into a messy rooming house, where people specialize in forgetting and remembering, snooping and tattling, looking askance and stealing from closets, and where kids tell their first dirty story without realizing that it's dirty and adults quickly find something profoundly moral in it. It is not a realm in which it is wise to seek, still less to pretend, too much accuracy. For example, how can a story concerning Dhu-al-Nun be passed on by the Caliph Abu-Bakr and brought into Europe by Pope Sylvester II? The answer is simple: none of those people had anything to do with it. Idries Shah asserts that "Sufi tales passed into folklore." Oftener it was the other way around. They come from everywhere, including man's dimmest and darkest past, not "the Past Thousand Years." They come from word-play and proverbs, from fairy tales, tall tales,

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Greek plays, Hindu epics, Tibetan jokes, infancy gospels, the Desert Fathers, and even common sense.

At any rate, there they are: the Magic Mirror, the Fountain of Life, the Insane Uncle, the Head of the World, and Snow White—the belly laughs of the bazaar and the anguished fictions of bedeviled monks. "They are full of wonders and strange ideas." Even the greatest Sufi compilers, Ghazali, Attar and Rumi, did more or less the same thing with the same stories. Their deft touches are still apparent in this present volume, which is beautifully translated.

If the great saints themselves did not disdain the vulgar jokes of "Mulla Nasruddin," why should we? It is in fact, first and foremost, the use to which this material was put by the Sufi dervishes that makes it all so very fascinating. Every one of the stories, some more poignantly than others, can be and has been made to illustrate various points of Sufi doctrine. The clearest thing that comes through is that by discipline and initiation the many hidden meanings in everything can be discovered and passed along. That qualifies for mysticism, surely.

If this particular collection may be too mixed a bag, and some of its exercises too literal-minded, remember that Sufism has equipped and still equips men and women to make good use of their lives. In some eclectic Sufi circles, such as the Naqshabandis, stories like Idries Shah's are supposed to be ingested in a certain order, like a special diet. In this book they are in no order, and they seem almost embarrassed that no Scheherazade has found a way of pulling them together.

Perhaps one should simply try one out and see what it teaches. This one is from a book called *Asrar-i Khilwatia* (Secrets of Recluses) by Sheikh Qalandar Shah, of the Suhrawardi Order, who died in Lahore in 1832. It is called "The Founding of a Tradition."

> Once upon a time there was a town composed of two parallel streets. A dervish passed through one street into the other, and as he reached the second one, the people there noticed that his eyes were streaming with tears. "Someone has died in the other street!" one cried, and soon all the children in the neighborhood had taken up the cry.
>
> What had really happened was that the dervish had been peeling onions.
>
> Within a short space of time the cry had reached the first street; and the adults of both streets were so distressed and fearful (for each community was related to the other) that they dared not make complete inquiries as to the cause of the furor.
>
> A wise man tried to reason with the people of both streets, asking why they did not question each other. Too confused to know what they meant, some said: "For all we know there is a deadly plague in the other street."
>
> This rumor, too, spread like wildfire, until each street's populace thought that the other was doomed.
>
> When some measure of order was restored, it was only enough for the two communities to decide to emigrate to save themselves. Thus it was that, from different sides of the town, both streets entirely evacuated their people.
>
> Now centuries later, the town is still deserted; and not so far away are two villages. Each village has its own tradition of how it began as a settlement from a doomed town, through a fortunate flight, in remote times, from a nameless evil.

In several ways this tale is an unusual one. It is much shorter than usual; it is singularly lacking in geographic or folkloric anchors; it spills its secret right after the first paragraph, and as a comic line at that; and it toys around with what most Sufi tales avoid like the plague: an expressed moral. However, it enshrines a typically impacted Sufi technique. In the first paragraph alone it calls attention to the "parallel streets," implying orthodoxy and heterodoxy; it puts a dizzy dervish in the role of go-between; it connects tears, as a sign, with death, the ultimate; and it seriously indicts the opinions of children, i.e., neophytes.

In their psychological teaching, Sufis claim that ordinary transmission of knowledge is subject to so much deformation through editing and false memory that it cannot be taken as a substitute for direct perception of fact. This story, I take it, illustrates the subjectivity of the human brain. As a parable, it has its universal applicability. Think, for instance, of the hot line. After all, it remains a possibility that the United States and the Soviet Union, by misreading some dervish's tears and yielding to increasingly built-up mutual fears, might desert the town. ■

The Lake of Emergence

THE TEWA WORLD: Space, Time, Being, and Becoming in a Pueblo Society. *By Alfonso Ortiz. University of Chicago Press. 197 pp. $8.*

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana. He is a professor of anthropology at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina Campus, Canada, and the author of The Indian Tribes of the United States: Ethnic and Cultural Survival *(Oxford University Press).*

Recent writing by and about the Indians of the United States and Canada has taken an impressive turn toward vitalizing issues that arise out of the stresses of culture contact. Notable in this regard are two books, *The Unjust Society,* by Harold Cardinal, a Cree Indian of Canada, and *Custer Die for Your Sins,* (Reviewed in *The Nation,* Jan. 26) by Vine Deloria, A Sioux Indian of North Dakota. Between them, these young writers make a powerful case for the ethic of self-determination, while sorting out the political and social forces which continue to threaten Indian survival.

Now, in quite a different sector of tribal experience, Alfonso Ortiz, in a spare but illuminating book, gives insights into Indian society which make understandable the anger and anxiety expressed by Cardinal, Deloria and countless other articulate but unpublished Indian voices. Ortiz writes in the language of science, from his post as a professor of anthropology at Princeton University; but *The Tewa World* about which he writes is his own San Juan Pueblo in New Mexico. The combination of scholarship and traditional knowledge which are joined here gives the book a special distinction. It is not concerned with the politics of Indian survival, but it is deeply concerned with the reality of Indian existence. In that respect it becomes, in its own way, an argument for self-determination.

Leaving that aside for the moment, the book is the first part of a trilogy of studies in which the author plans to weave together the strands of myth and ritual that enter into the fabric of a society of some 800 people, whose village on the Rio Grande River was the site of the first Spanish settlement in New Mexico. The date of that settlement was 1598, and how much further back in time the Tewa people occupied that particular area is not established. According to their myth, they once lived in a magical world, far to the north, under Sandy Place Lake. "Supernaturals, men, and animals lived together at this time, and death was unknown," the story runs.

The task which the author sets for himself is to delineate the ways in which the secular affairs of men are responsive to and are validated by spiritual counterparts. As this suggests, a dual consciousness is in constant play and shapes the lives of the people as pervasively as it determines the format of major ceremonials. The primary expression of this

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duality is in the basic social organization. The people of San Juan, as at other Tewa pueblos, are divided into two approximately equal halves, called moieties in the language of anthropology, or, as they call themselves, Summer People and Winter People. The calendar year is itself divided into approximate halves, between the summer and winter solstices, and the internal affairs of the Pueblo are alternately controlled by the societies and officials belonging to each division.

As evidence of the vigor of Tewa society, under Spanish rule the village was required (as were all the New Mexico pueblos) to elect public officials who would be responsible to Spanish authority, including the Spanish church. The obvious purpose was to secure control over the people and their institutions. The Pueblo yielded to this demand ostensibly, and to this day the people elect a set of "outside" officers who carry on the secular business of the Pueblo. The annually elected governor carries three canes of office, granted him by the Spanish and Mexican rulers and by President Abraham Lincoln, as soveriegn rights were asserted; but the canes represent power from the outside which, however potent, cannot move a grain of sand within the Tewa world. The moieties, between them, still determine what is to happen.

Within the moieties it is the "made" people who "control and direct all group ritual activities and stand as the real powers behind the political officials." Ortiz explains that the "made" people are those whose "offices were founded and their first occupants instituted in the primordial home beneath the lake of emergence." In other words, they are mortal men, ritually sanctioned, who form a duality with supernatural counterparts, and so maintain the world in balance.

The analysis of these multiple layers of reciprocal power and responsibility is carefully done and, when the projected study is completed, Ortiz will have added greatly to the scholarship of the Southwest. In his modest way, he has already cleared away misconceptions fostered by earlier writers, including some accepted "authorities" on Pueblo practices. As early as 1890, Adolph Bandelier, in writing about the Tewas, translated their word for "made" people as "fish" people, based on a similarity of sound, and the translation has remained in the literature ever since. When Ortiz asked why they were called such, his informant first laughed at him, then chided him, a Tewa, for not knowing that these people were "made" under the lake at the beginning of time. Ortiz gently suggests that "the misunderstanding has endured for so long because no investigator ever thought of asking a Made person to explain the term."

The author's purpose in undertaking the study is not limited to the descriptive analysis of the lives of his own people, however. With appropriate modesty again, he is challenging a pronouncement of the dean of French social anthropologists, Claude Lévi-Strauss, who has concluded that dual social organizations do not exist; they only seem to exist.

Ortiz has an advantage here, as he had when he encountered Bandelier's writing: he is looking at his own world from the inside. He has lived in a society that "can be divided and united at the same time," as he mentions, and that "continues through time." If his world had not possessed that quality, San Juan Pueblo today would be a Spanish village sleeping under some cottonwood trees on the east bank of the Rio Grande.

It is this will to live, this quality that allows for adaptation without the loss of autonomy, which gives credibility to the American Indian plea for self-determination. As a people the Indians have never accepted the judgment of the surrounding dominant society that they must yield to circumstances and merge their identity in the larger mass.

In speaking to this question of identity, Harold Cardinal and Vine Deloria would declare: "Don't tell us who we are, we'll tell you." Ortiz also says it here, in scholarly idiom. ■

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Revolution and Rule

CANTON UNDER COMMUNISM: Programs and Politics in a Provincial Capital, 1949-1968. *By Ezra Vogel. Harvard University Press. 448 pp. $13.95.*

RICHARD M. PFEFFER

Mr. Pfeffer teaches political science at Johns Hopkins University. He is the editor of No More Vietnams? The War and the Future of American Foreign Policy *(Harper & Row).*

Within the confines of its author's essentially administrative focus and concerns, *Canton Under Communism* is extremely informative, nuanced, lucid and strikingly fair-minded. With the possible exception of Franz Schurmann's *Ideology and Organization in Communist China*, Professor Vogel's book is indisputably the finest work on post-1949 China produced to date by an American social scientist. If less brilliant than Schurmann's book, Vogel's is much more manageable.

Organized chronologically, the book focuses on events since 1949 in Canton city, in Kwangtung Provice of which Canton is the capital, and to a lesser degree, in China as a whole. By defining his primary focus more or less geographically (in terms of administrative units), Professor Vogel has avoided more successfully than any of his predecessors the pitfalls of "holistic" analysis of a seemingly homogenized China.

The early chapters, dealing with Canton before communism and with local-central conflict in the transition period after 1949, bring out the extreme diversity within China, within Kwangtung, within Canton, and even within the local Chinese Communist Party. For many Americans with an interest in China, who see it at a great distance, filtered through anxieties and propaganda, and for social scientists who too frequently refer to *the* Chinese model, *the* Chinese political culture, etc., these early chapters should come as a rude shock.

The excellent, middle chapters of the book, dealing with land reform and central control, with the Socialist transformation of the mid-1950s, with the Hundred Flowers period and the anti-rightist period which followed it, and with the "utopianism" of the Great Leap at the end of the fifties, provide innumerable, valuable insights into the intricacies of bureaucratic maneuverings and related politics. Vogel's discussion, for example, of the patterned relationship between rectification campaigns directed at cadres, and the more substantive campaigns that frequently followed them, suggests the intimate connection between style and content in Chinese politics. One aspect of that relationship is captured by Vogel's penetrating and entertaining use of Chinese proverbs to drive home analytical points. The 1954-55 campaign against the influential old revolutionary author, Hu Feng, was escalated into a campaign against "hidden counterrevolutionaries." That campaign, in turn, tended to silence potential critics of the government's intensifying campaign for the Socialist transformation of the economy. "The basic lesson to be learned from the Hu Feng campaign," Vogel writes, is "expressed in the proverb, 'Kill the rooster to warn the monkey'."

But to speak in paradoxes, the real and substantial strengths of *Canton Under Communism* also are its weaknesses. Although the book seems to be without ideological bias – it unfolds as a seemingly neutral, chronological analysis of events, without any explicit theoretical framework – still on balance it must be understood as a product of the dominant school in American social science, liberal scholarship. Precisely because the failings of this book do not, for the most part, reflect deficiencies in execution but the limitations of its presuppositions, *Canton Under Communism* must be understood as representative of this school.

If one looks at the respectable social science literature in the United States concerning Communist China, one finds patterned approaches to China that can be analytically ordered along a continuum indicating the relative degree of appreciation/depreciation of the revolutionary content of the Chinese Communist Revolution. Near one end of that continuum would be Chalmers Johnson's political tract in social science guise, entitled *Peasant Nationalism and Communist Power*. Professor Johnson, writing about the Yenan period of the Chinese Communist movement, ignores revolutionary ideology and spirit and emphasizes the nationalist element in the Chinese Communist road to victory. At the other pole would be William Hinton's superb village study, *Fanshen*, a book which not only appreciates revolution but also celebrates it. Somewhere between the two poles, but much closer to Hinton than to Johnson, is Schurmann's complex *Ideology and Organization in Communist China*, a subtle appreciation of the ideological (as well as the organizational) and other components in China's revolution. Vogel's *Canton Under Communism*, which may press liberal scholarship as far as it can go, falls somewhere between the Johnson and Schurmann books on the spectrum.

Although Vogel is writing about Canton, Kwangtung and China itself – a country which in the last several decades has probably been undergoing one of the most momentous social revolutions in history, his book is largely unconcerned with ideology, with the value-commitment of the Chinese people, and – to put it even more bluntly – with revolution, except insofar as revolution can be taken to be a particular mode of administration and administrative politics. The Chinese people, for example, to the extent that they appear in the book at all, are almost exclusively objects to be administered.

In these respects, *Canton Under Communism* is typical of American liberal scholarship. Vogel's book embodies many of the assumptions and values of this school: the commitment to modernization as inevitable, good and rational; the related belief in rational administration; the love of order and regularity; the tendency to comprehend revolution largely as techniques of manipulation and control; and its corollary, the tendency to ignore, devalue, or at least to treat primarily as a component of administration, the force of revolutionary spirit, class struggle and commitment.

Missing in liberal scholarship's examination of revolution (and counterrevolution) has been an appreciation of the intense value commitment to radical change in a particular direction – just any direction will not do – held by those in revolt. Frequently this evasion of the normative side of revolution has been facilitated by collapsing revolutionary spirit into the concept of leadership, or better yet, "charismatic leadership." But commitment to the content of a revolution is a most critical ingredient in all social revolutions. Good administration and charisma, though undoubtedly vital, are hardly sufficient to wage revolution.

Several examples may serve to illustrate how Vogel's perspectives incorporate the biases of liberal scholarship. First, his otherwise perceptive prologue presents the assumptions of the book through a seemingly simplistic dichotomy: "For twenty-two years," Vogel writes, "the Communist *revolutionaries* had been *promoting disorders* and blaming the government for its failures. With victory, the Communists graduated from being revolutionaries to being *rulers responsible for keeping order*" (italics added). Thus revolution appears to be equated with "promoting disorders" and ruling with "keeping order." Yet Vogel would certainly agree that there is more to revolution than promoting disorder – the building, for example, of a parallel hierarchy. And he would also agree that a vision of the Chinese Communists as the keepers of order is gravely inadequate for

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understanding developments in China over the last twenty years. Still, for Vogel the revolution appears to have ended on October 1, 1949, and all subsequent events seemingly are understood in terms of administratively inspired reform.

This raises a serious question with broad implications. Are our concepts adequate for understanding what has happened in China since 1949? Are we able to deal effectively with what I would call the meaning of post-1949 *revolutionary rule*? Schurmann, in contrast to Vogel's dichotomous vision of revolution and rule, attempted to deal with China in the 20th century in terms of a series of different kinds of revolutions. He argued, on the one hand, that the classical socio-political revolution, involving the destruction of the traditional ruling class, was completed in 1949. But he also wrote of a social revolution—that "continued beyond the 'Liberation'...down to the time of communization," and of the economic revolution that may have succeeded the social revolution. And then, there is the cultural revolution.

The primary problem for a revolutionary movement that comes to power involves combining seemingly contradictory demands: those of rule and those of revolution. To some extent this problem is faced less intensely as soon as the revolutionary movement establishes its parallel hierarchy. If the revolution is to have meaning beyond its "destructive" aspect, revolution cannot end with the success of the movement in achieving power. The problem for revolutionary rulers, in short, is how to implement radical transformation while simultaneously providing basic services generally associated with rule and order, and maintaining a capacity to direct the process of transformation. If one accepts this statement of the critical problem, then Vogel's dichotomization of rule and revolution is misleading.

Second, Vogel's treatment in the prologue of the imperial order emphasizes throughout the traditional government's limited capacity for control, rather than the beliefs held by rulers and ruled alike. In what appears to be an attempt to evaluate the traditional system in value neutral terms, that system is repeatedly praised for doing effectively all that it was capable of doing. But, the explanation of why elites do what they do lies only partly in their limited capacity; partly it lies in what they believe. Despite the important element of truth in Vogel's instrumental treatment of traditional attitudes (i.e., as control devices), the values that people hold do seem to have independent significance in society.

And again, in an otherwise insightful chapter, land reform is treated instrumentally. Notwithstanding passing references to a positive commitment on the part of the Communists to land reform and to its popular support, the main point of the chapter is that "Land reform was meant to be the means of establishing party *control* in the countryside, but it proved also to be the means of solving a problem that was perhaps more difficult and more critical: the problem of central *control* over a region" (italics added).

This instrumentalism and the emphasis on control are made even sharper by Vogel's interpretation of the Communist take-over of Canton as a "conquest" rather than as the outcome of a revolutionary civil war. Given the fact that Kwangtung was a "later liberated area"—the Chinese Communists did not take Canton until several weeks after the People's Republic had been proclaimed on October 1, 1949—there is some merit in his treatment of the Communist take-over as a conquest. Nevertheless, the combined force of Vogel's emphases produces a one-sided vision of land reform: as the product of alien occupation rather than of social revolution. Once again, directed social change is understood in terms of sophisticated techniques of control and manipulation.

In line with these perspectives, mass campaigns carried out by the Chinese Communists tend to be judged almost solely on the basis of whether they contributed to good administration. Although at least in retrospect we can say that campaigns since 1949 have played a complex role—at times improving administration and at other times reviving strains of Maoist revolution—Vogel on the whole shows little sympathy for the latter. If campaigns served administration in such ways as decreasing opposition to administrative control, or eliminating corruption, then they are taken to be good. But if, like the Great Leap, the grandest campaign of the 1950s, they were bad for order, for production, etc., then they are labeled "utopian," "revivalist," and even "primitive."

Or again, at the end of a useful but disappointing discussion of the cultural revolution in a chapter entitled "Political Revivalism," Vogel concludes: "The objective tasks" facing the Chinese Communists at the beginning of 1968, while "not as great as those facing the new rulers in 1949...are essentially the same." To a degree, this conclusion is an important corrective to the simple-minded view that the Chinese Communist Revolution, or any revolution for that matter, changed the totality of life. In terms of re-establishing order, of restoring economic regularity, or reviewing personnel, etc., the tasks facing the Chinese Communists in 1949 and in 1969 do show important similarities.

But Vogel seems to see the fact of similarity as evidence for the proposition

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that the attempted "solutions" have proved inadequate. Thus for example, the cultural revolution is taken to have failed through a kind of economic determinism. Might it not be, however, that the problems remain "essentially the same" because – despite significant progress in some areas – the critical problems of governance are not resolvable in any short-term sense? Might it not be precisely the recurrent or persistent nature of these problems that requires a continuing revolutionary strategy to cope with them? And might not the well recognized and generally denigrated cyclical nature of Chinese politics – its "campaign style" – be a central element in that revolutionary strategy? Vogel's answer to most of these questions, it seems to me, would be an ambivalent "No." Although not insensitive to some of these problems, he seems to slight them in favor of the "pragmatic," gradualist, almost straight-line approach to development.

Finally, in the concluding chapter entitled "The Political Conquest of Society," we learn that the unique contributions of the Chinese Communists generally can be relegated to a single organizational sphere. Emphasizing Chinese continuities of another sort, based upon the continuing nature of China's socio-economic problems, Vogel writes: "Much of what the Communists did in Kwangtung follows logically from pre-Liberation trends and might have been done by any government able to keep the peace.... Despite these continuities, the Communists achieved in these first two decades a fundamental institutional breakthrough...they developed a political system strong enough to control and transform society."

The Chinese Communists' unique contribution, then, seems to lie in their organizational capacity to penetrate Chinese society to an unprecedented degree, and in their capacity to bring "the masses for the first time into the political sphere." But how are we made to understand this capacity? Surely not in terms of ideology or class struggle. No, expectably, the key seems to be political organization and another factor – mentioned several times almost in passing and never really integrated into the analysis – the hopes of the Chinese people.

Liberal scholarship has produced its best, but its best is partial. Have we not, as part of our lingering vision of totalitarianism and the related aggrandizement of the capacities of administration, underemphasized the role of the masses and various groups in Chinese politics? Have we not imposed images, first of totalitarianism and then of anarchy, upon the pendulum-like swings in China's politics of revolutionary rule, images that only served to exaggerate the swings? ■

Nation Book Marks

WILLIAM O'ROURKE

Mr. O'Rourke is in the writing program at Columbia University; he is now writing a novel.

LOCAL ANAESTHETIC. *By Gunter Grass. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt, Brace & World. 284 pp. $6.95.*

That Grass can take the glare off topicality, eclipse it and view the corona without a damaged eye, makes this a good book. He can embody ideas; give objects nervous systems; take a mouthful of symbols, mine them but not exhaust them. His hero is Eberhard Starusch, a 40-year-old history teacher in West Berlin. How innocent Starusch's imagined murders seem while he sits in the dentist chair submitting to curative violence, the advanced primitivism of dental grinding and capping, gagged with fingers as in self-induced vomiting. Seeing a similarity between dentistry and teaching he counsels a newer generation, trying to prevent through a redundant history the immolation of a dog. (One of Starusch's students plans to demonstrate against napalm in Vietnam by burning his dachshund.) "Dialogue prevents action," his dentist assures him. The book is airtight, encapsulated, filled with people who all seem to have arrived at the wrong address. Grass's language is like a ladder; it does not propel you but gets you there, sturdily. Yet the book is afflicted – not with the disease in question but with the cure. It too works on you like a local anaesthetic.

NUNQUAM. *By Lawrence Durrell. E.P. Dutton & Co. 318 pp. $7.95.*

Nunquam's narrator lives in an asylum called the "Paulhaus." Look at that hard and you'll make this novel's connection with its companion, *Tunc*. This kind of coyness on Durrell's part lines the book like fudge through vanilla ice cream. At times Durrell's strongest voice survives: "At night one recites old phone numbers.... Yes, the night's for masturbation and death; one's nose comes off in one's handkerchief, an arm drops off like Nelson's...." But when that voice does not surface the men are exsanguineous, the women write letters to which they add "(P.S. I want to sleep with you.)" Durrell still wraps you in an exotic mantilla of atmosphere, but the characters exchange ideas in elegant charades and are all tuxedoed and long-gowned, posed down front in a straight line which makes *Nunquam* a concert version of a Durrell opera.

AFLAME AND AFUN OF WALKING FACES: Fables and Drawings. *By Kenneth Patchen. New Directions. 87 pp. $5. Paper $1.50.*

A short book which is even shorter than its 87 pages. Patchen's rearrangements of old chestnuts provide a chest of nuts, but: "Better to be threatened with a bad rule than measured with a good rope." For admirers, $1.50 in paper is cheap for a smile or two. The puns in the fables are largely visual, producing a "What Is Wrong With This Picture?" feeling. The drawings are put in a critical realm only because they are preserved: fossils of animals still alive. Patchen is a heckler of literature. This volume, nonce-essential, slyght, is in many ways a diminutive coffee-table book.

THIS THING DON'T LEAD TO HEAVEN. *By Harry Crews. William Morrow & Co. 186 pp. $5.95.*

Harry Crews can write a simple sentence without revealing it to be a cliché. Since Gothic has come to read like New Realism, Crews's dwarfs, grave salesmen, and Haitian mombos existing in Cumseh, Ga., seem everyday in their dealings with Axel's Senior Club, where an attendant named Utopia can be "an expert on the mechanics of death. She loved the little smile that appeared on the face of the dead, loved it so much that she had gone to the trouble to ask about it and found its Latin name: *risus sardonicus.*" Not often does an author explain the expression that is on the face of his reader. Crews should spring himself from writing light reading; he wastes good lead on clay birds.

THE GIRL WHO SANG WITH THE BEATLES; And Other Stories. *By Robert Hemenway. Alfred A. Knopf. 209 pp. $4.95.*

Collected, these stories undo one another. Mr. Hemenway's characters are brand-name mutants, dwellers in the East Side singles ghetto, whether married or not (usually it's the second marriage), are tolerably good-looking, and say such things as: *"Enivrez-vous!* Always be drunken, if you are not to be the martyred slave of Time! That's Baudelaire. Of course, he didn't mean only booze." Hemenway often glosses as helpfully. He notes symptoms, but can't diagnose. In the title story (which won the 1970 O. Henry Prize) the girl is observed: "sitting on the sofa for hours," watching TV, "wearing one of the at-home hostessy things from Jax or Robert Leader.... Looking so pretty, and with those radio operator's black headphones on her ears.

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The sight made Larry melancholy, and he continued to work lying on his bed...." Larry is translating Camus. Hemenway neither escapes nor inhabits his creations; the prose does not elevate or get under them. Most of these stories appeared in *The New Yorker;* at best they have the oblique veracity of that magazine's ads. ■

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

My Night at Maud's is a four-sided conversation, a mathematical working out of relationships, in which much consideration is given to prudent gambles, human morality and divine sanction, predestination, the irony of coincidence and the thoughts of Pascal. It is not at all what a movie is supposed to be, since it takes minimal advantage of what the camera can do (though the Romanesque church at Clermont-Ferrand is indeed beautiful), and it might well play better on a one-set stage. Yet it succeeds.

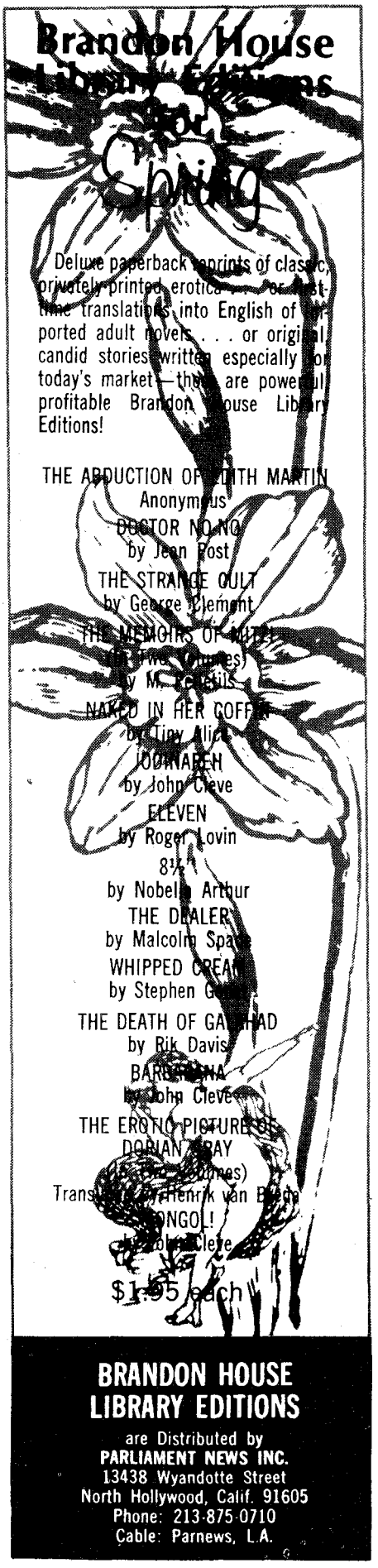
It succeeds because from the opening moments one knows that the director, Eric Rohmer, is seriously concerned with the riddle of personalities he has taken in hand (this is the third of "Six Moral Tales" he is bringing to the screen), and because his four actors—Jean-Louis Trintignant, Francoise Fabian, Marie-Christine Barrault and Antoine Vitez—have risen to the challenge of performing a drama that is entirely within themselves, and have sculptured out of their talk together characters of the most vivid substance. The picture succeeds, also, because it assumes that we too are serious people, concerned to understand one another. This last is of course flattering. I have seen the picture only once; its dialogue, though it mimics normal speech splendidly, is in fact artfully condensed and enriched; my ability to pick up nuances in French is sadly limited (the subtitles are extraordinary, given the problem). Therefore, I don't kid myself that I absorbed more than a fraction of the interchange. It was enough to keep me happy.

Rohmer's picture is intellectually high spirited, but in the end it is less than merry. Mlle. Fabian (Maud) and Vitez clearly represent the brighter pair in the quartet. They are the more attractive, the more self-reliant, the more inventive and fun to be with. Trintignant and Mlle. Barrault, whose characters are both believing Catholics, are self-justifying, morally apprehensive, smart but intellectually unenterprising. Unlike the other two, they are little given to laughter. But Trintignant's rather priggish code sustains him in real generosity and Mlle. Barrault's conventionality includes loyalty. They make a go of it together; whereas Maud and her friend, the somewhat radical, somewhat mocking teacher—about whom one really cares a lot more—make a go of it with no one. You can scarcely fail to recognize the dilemma; *My Night at Maud's* is a condensed and stylized version of what takes place in almost every community of people. That is why it is such a good picture, and a little melancholy.

Francois Truffaut, I think it becomes evident, is one of those highly cultivated people who have a patronizing taste for trash. He may very well think, in addition, that his talent is sufficient to convert other people's trash—in the case of *Mississippi Mermaid,* that of Cornell Woolrich—into something worth attending. It is a misapprehension. The most conspicuous fault of shoddy fiction is that it is psychologically implausible, and when Truffaut borrows the skeleton of such a work, the charm and verve and wit that he tries to graft upon it will not take. They make the piffle seem only the more deplorable. Toward the end of this picture, Catherine Deneuve is slowly killing Jean-Paul Belmondo with a solution of rat poison in bouillon. He looks up at her piteously and begs for a larger potion, saying that he is glad to die at her hands but that it burns terribly and he would like to be finished off as soon as possible. "Oh!," she cries, "You knew it all the time!," and dashes the glass from his hand. It is the sort of line that sets an audience to yipping like beagles, and in this case it is not improved by Miss Deneuve's proclamation that she now at last feels the pangs of true love growing within her. The couple then departs on foot into a Charlie Chaplin snowstorm.

On the way out of the theatre, I heard a man say they should have fed rat poison to the director. I wouldn't go that far, but neither am I disposed to make excuses for Truffaut by complimenting him on all the "in" references to other films that embellish this work, or by marveling at the deftness with which he cultivates the corn. *Mississippi Mermaid* is a hack melodrama about a mail-order bride who is not the bride actually ordered, and about a good man turned hunted outlaw by infatuation with a sunbeam haired foundling who has been leading men around by their libidos from the age of 14. Of course Mlle. Deneuve and Belmondo are tasty performers (they're a lot better than that when anyone cares), and of course Truffaut engineers his effects with consistent elegance and occasional wit. These are all first-class practitioners and we expect the machine to work.

The pictures takes place on Réunion



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Island and in the south of France, with multiple scenes of luxury travel and miraculously chic accommodations at every stop. I thought at first that Truffaut might be cooking up a spoof of the recent Belmondo package tours. It would have been a dubious enterprise, since those films are their own sufficient parodies of jolly adventure, but I would have viewed it with more patience than I could bring to the lacrimose imbecilities of *Mississippi Mermaid.* (In case you are wondering, Mlle. Deneuve arrives at Réunion aboard a vessel named *The Mississippi.* I don't know why *"Mermaid"*; in France it was *"Sirene."* ■

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Thank God for small favors! Some reviewers patronize Bernard Shaw on Broadway while they toss their brains in the air when something pleasant is presented Off-Broadway. Must the theatre always induce lightmindedness? Is it civilized in the judgment of theatre constantly to veer from savage denunciation to convulsive panegyrics? There seems nowadays to be very little measure in anything, and in stage matters almost none at all. The crazy economics of the theatre is a major factor in this confusion.

These are the speculations which occupied my mind after some hard weeks of playgoing. Once again, I caution readers that when I speak quietly of a play's modest virtues it may still be worth their spending an evening at such a play, and when I express some doubt of a play's merits my aim is not to *kill* it. We are trying to write something like criticism. Unnecessary prudence? Don't you believe it.

At the American Place Theatre (423 West 46 Street) two comedies are being given by comparatively young writers. The first, Charles Dizenzo's *The Last Straw,* is extravagant and moderately amusing about quack analysts who are themselves bats, and about the noodles who trust that "therapy" of some kind will relieve them of the complaint of being human. This is in the vein of the *New Yorker* cartoon in which an analyst reassures his patient with "Don't worry. You *are* inferior." Though Dizenzo has a comic sense, his subject in *The Last Straw* is superior to his treatment of it.

More arresting is David Scott Milton's *Duet for Solo Voice;* in which a sloppy paranoid who works as a night clerk in a small and sodden mid-Manhattan hotel—the atmosphere of which is well conveyed in Curt Lundell's setting—imagines that he is being menaced by a Soviet secret agent. He acts both the pursued and the pursuer to the point of demented frenzy.

This is of little importance as "psychology," but it offers Herb Edelman an opportunity for virtuosity. He has extraordinary energy and unusual performance versatility, tending toward the manic.

More sophisticated than the twin bill at the American Place is the one by a new English dramatist, Stanley Eveling, at the Gramercy Arts Theatre (138 East 27 Street). The first of these, *Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning,* consists of an exchange of letters (the actors speak rather than read them across a table) between a 20-year-old literary fan, Janet Rosenberg, and a 50-year-old novelist, Mr. Kooning, who only once have direct personal contact. The girl, possessing the customary frankness of today's youth together with more than the usual articulateness, writes to Mr. Kooning whose books are now no more than "remainders." At the start, her letters are adulatory. He answers most cordially, but as the correspondence continues, he conceives something like a passion for her. Though eminently conceited, he has become uncertain of himself as well as a hypochondriac through public neglect.

He desires to see the girl. When he visits her he encounters her mother, while the girl in hiding looks him over. They then meet and he attempts a seduction in which he proves impotent. Within a relatively short time she has herself become a successful London playwright who regards him with lighthearted contempt as an absurd relic.

The tone of the piece is sardonic; both characters are viewed with irony. The girl is excusably uppity, armed with the sting of youthful self-assurance, and there is a sort of benign scorn in the portrait of the man. The play is well written, at moments too "well written," though that may be part of its humor. It is constantly engaging.

Catherine Burns, who looks like a little girl in her mother's clothes, plays Janet with precocious command added to an ambiguous attractiveness: half wily child, half "wicked" woman. She is also to be praised for admirable correctness and clarity of speech. There is in Kevin O'Connors Mr. Kooning a nervous and pathetic silliness quite appropriate to the part—though he is much too young for it.

He is more fittingly cast in the evening's second item *Jakey Fat Boy* (O'Connor himself is slim) where his natural tenseness serves the skit extremely well. And while *Jakey Fat Boy* is a much more obviously teasing exercise than *Dear Janet,* its immediate relevance makes it for me the more enjoyable.

What Eveling is sending up here are some of the fetishes of the "now" generation. Jakey picks up a whore and plans to engage her in the most advanced practices of sexual freedom. He wears the expected garb for the role, is eloquent with the lingo which goes with it and cites the great names who are the idols of the apocalypse.

Jakey is especially fixed on Kenneth Tynan, whom he has never seen; he speaks "mystically" of the true god, Herbert Marcuse, of whom Tynan, Jakey suggests, is the prophet. Nonplused at first by the spate of gibberish Jakey emits, the whore finally begins to dig the part Jakey has assigned her. She cries out, "*I* am Kenneth Tynan," at which Jakey shivers in the throes of an orgasm.

He asks to be beaten, to be carved up, to be annihilated. But it is all a fantasy; nothing is really done. The champagne he offers the woman is water, the meat he wishes her to share with him is a loaf of bread. He is incapable of any specific sexual act.

Though somewhat overlong, the play's joke is at moments wildly funny and generally well aimed at the up-to-date asinine vanguard, the wisdom of *Oh, Calcutta!* Most of the new dramatists now appear to content themselves with the explosion of pot shots and stink bombs. It is to be hoped that the author of *Dear Janet* and *Jakey* may be able in the future to aim his satiric shafts at sturdier objectives requiring ampler skills for their demolition. ■

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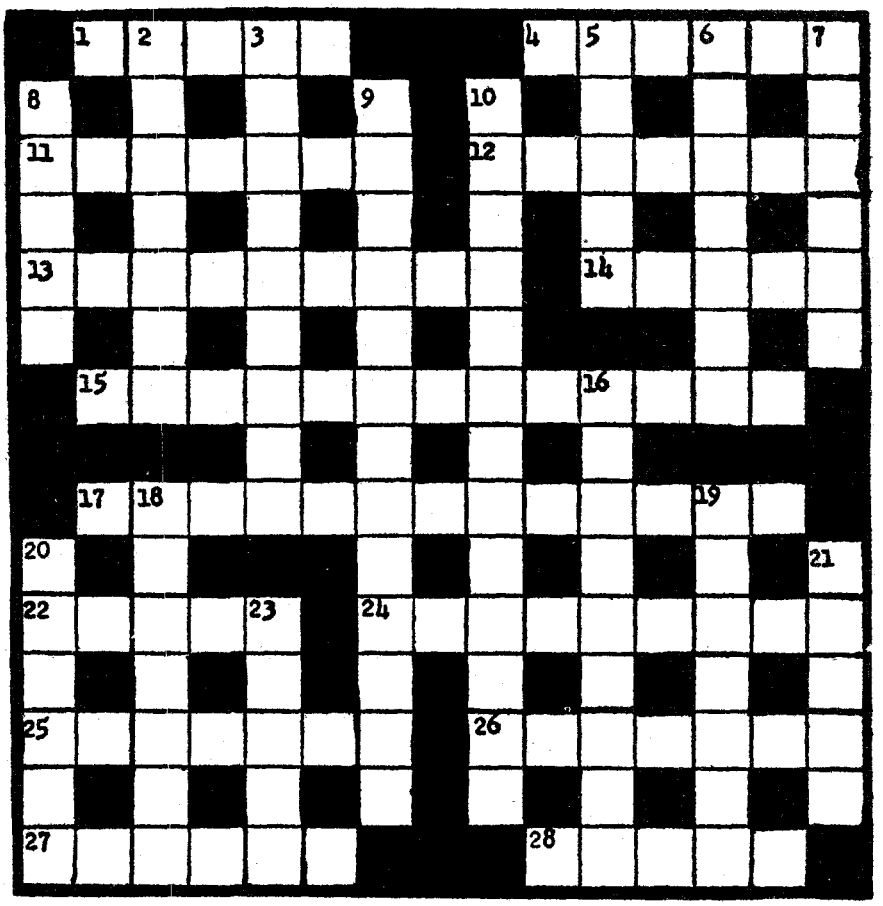
Crossword Puzzle No. 1343

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 4 across
4 and 1 across Followers of 17 wouldn't necessarily go to them for exercise. (6,5)
11 Short weight in turn is in the short introduction, which might take some doing! (7)
12 No longer flower of Asia? (7)
13 Wanted father inside, but gave up hope of making it. (9)
14 The man is attached to a colloid, being a philosophic type. (5)
15 Otherwise found on such people as Mary? (2,3,8)
17 One gets it by facing the storm, as a leading 4. (4-2-3-4)
22 A greater quantity, up to 50, of mushrooms. (5)
24 Water tins hold what might be seen in print, almost like *sic*. (2,7)
25 Can perhaps thwart a wrapper? (7)
26 Bent hooks on an admonition for quiet in town. (7)
27 Hit with the hose? (6)
28 State like a lake in Africa. (5)

DOWN

2 What a bystander does to demand observance from his offspring? (5,2)
3 Is being unadorned a feature of silk fabric? (9)
5 One of a series in the man in the moon. (5)
6 The 5 down is the last in order of single ones. (7)
7 For the record, you might ask for a diamond. (6)
8 One in such a dark suit is improper after a couple of 1 across. (5)
9 Sometimes called the featureless 3 down type. (8,5)
10 Fast perhaps, like a black sheep? (4-2-3-4)
16 His fly far, possibly like a rake. (9)
18 Like the high priest of the CIA, or an alternative. (7)
19 Takes a liking to certain fabrics? (7)
20 Do forgers have such common names? (6)
21 and 23 No toe-holes mended here, but one isn't fixed this way. (2,3,5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1342

ACROSS: 1 Universities; 9 Inversions; 10 and 7 Long silence; 11 and 12 Dog in the manger; 13 Digit; 15 Stipends; 16 Mandamus; 19 Cut up; 21 Confab; 22 Villains; 24 Aden; 25 Manhandled; 26 Easy payments. DOWN: 2 Nine of diamonds; 3 Veering; 4 Reset; 5 Ironers; 6 Insomniac; 8 Interdependent; 14 Time bombs; 17 Defense; 18 Seven-up; 20 Twaddle; 23 Leaky.

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